THE
Lamentable and true Tragedie of *M. Arden* of Feuersham in Kent.

Who was most wickedly murdered, by the meanes of his disloyall and wanton wife, who for the loue she bare to one *Mosbie*, hyred two desperate ruffins Blackwill and Shakbag to kill him.

Wherein is shewed the great malice and dissimulation of a wicked woman: the vnsatiable desire of filthy lust, and the shamefull end of all murtherers.

AT LONDON,
Printed by *I. Roberts*, for *Edwarde VVhite*, and are to be sold at his shop at the little North doore of Paules, at the signe of the Gun.
1599.

H

The Tragedy of M. *Arden* of *Feuersham.*

Enter M. Arden and M. Francklin.

Franklin. ARden cheere vp thy spirits and droupe no more,
My gracious Lord the Duke of Sommerset
Hath freelie giuen to thee and to thine heyres,
By Letters-patents from his Maiestie,
All the lands of the Abby of Feuersham. (kings,
Heer are the deedes sealed & subscribed with his name and the
Read them, and leaue this melancholie moode.

Arden. Francklin, thy loue prolongs my wearie life,
And but for thée, how odious were this life:
That showes me nothing but torments my soule,
And those foule obiects that offend mine eyes,
Which makes me wish that for this vale of Heauen,
The earth hung ouer my head and couerd mee.
Loue letters past twixt Mosbie and my Wife,
And they haue preuie meetings in the Towne:
May on his finger did I spy the Ring,
Which at our marriage day the Priest put on,
Can any griefe be halfe so great as this?

Fran. Comfort thy selfe sweet friend, it is not strange,
That women will be false and wauering.

Arden. I but to doate on such a one as hée
Is monstrous Francklin, and intollerable.

Francklin. Why, what is he?

Arden. A Botcher, and no better at the first,
Who by base brocage, getting some small stock:
Crept into seruice of a noble man:
And by his seruile flattery and fawning,
Is now become the steward of his house,
And brauely iets it in his silken gowne.

Fran. No nobleman will countnance such a peasant.

Arden. Yes, the Lord Clifford, he that loues not me,
But through his fauour let not him grow proud,
For were he by the Lord Protector backt,
He should not make me to be pointed at:
I am by birth a Gentleman of blood,
And that iniurious riball that attempts,
To violate my deare wiues chastity,
(For deare I hold her loue, as deare as heauen)
Shal on the bed which he thinks to defile,
See his disseuered ioints and sinewes torne,
Whilst on the planchers, pants his weary body,
Smeeard in the channels of his lustful blood.

Fran. Be patient gentle friend, and learne of me,
To ease thy griefe, and saue her chastity:
Intreate her faire, sweete words are fittest engines
To race the flint wals of a womans breast:
In any case be not too iealious,
Nor make no question of her loue to thee,
But as securely, presently take horse,
And lie with me at London all this tearme,
For women when they may, wil not,
But being kept back, straight grow outragious.

Arden. Though this abhorres from reason, yet ile try it,
And call her forth, and presently take leaue: How Alce.

Heere enters Alce.

Alce. Husband what meane you to get vp so early.
Sommer nights are short, and yet you rise ere day,
Had I beene wake you had not rise so soone.

Ard. Sweet Loue, thou knowst that we two Ouid like
Haue often chid the morning, when it gan to pepe,
And often wisht that darke nights purblind staues,
Would pull her by the purple mantle backe:
And cast her in the Ocean to her loue.
But this night sweet Alce thou hast kild my hart,
I heard thee call on Mosbie in thy sleepe.

Alce. Tis like I was a sleepe when I nam'd him,
For being awake he comes not in my thoughts:

Arden.

Arden. I but you ſtarted vp, and ſuddenly
In ſtæde of him, caught me about the necke.
Alce. In ſtæde of him? why, who was there but you,
And where but one is, how can I miſtake.
Fran. Arden leaue to vrge her ouer-farre.
Ard. Nay Loue, there is no credite in a dreame,
Let it ſuffice I know thou loueſt me wel.
Alce. Now I remember where-vpon it came,
Had we no talke of Moſbie yeſternight.
Fran. Miſtres Alce I heard you name him once or twice,
Alce. And thereof came it, and therfore blame not me.
Ard. I know it did, and therefore let it paſſe,
I muſt to London ſweet Alce preſently.
Alce. But tel me doe you meane to ſtay there long?
Ard. No longer there til my affaires be done.
Fran. He wil not ſtay aboue a month at moſt.
Alce. A moneth, aye me, ſweet Arden come againe
Within a day or two, or elſe I die.
Arden. I cannot long be from thée gentle Alce,
Whileſt, Michael fetch our horſes from the field,
Franklin and I wil downe vnto the Key:
For I haue certaine goods there to vnloade,
Meane while prepare our breakfaſt gentle Alce,
For yet ere none wele take horſe and away.

Exeunt *Arden* and *Francklin*.

Alce. Ere none he meanes to take horſe and away:
Sweete newes is this, Oh that ſome ayrie ſpirit,
Would in the ſhape and likenes of a horſe
Gallop with Arden croſſe the Ocean,
And throw him from his backe into the waues.
Sweet Moſbie is the man that hath my hart:
And he vſurpes it, hauing nought but this,
That I am tyed to him by marriage.
Loue is a God, and marriage is but words,
And therefore Moſbies title is the beſt,
Tuſh whether it be or no, he ſhal be mine,
In ſpight of him, of *Hymen*, and of rites.

Heere enters Adam of the Flourdeluce.

And here comes Adam of the flourdeluce,
I hope he brings me tidings of my loue.
How now Adam, what is the newes with you?
Be not afraid, my husband is now from home.

Adam. He whom you wot of Mosbie Mistres Alce,
Is come to towne, and sends you word by me,
In any case you may not visite him.

Alce. Not visit him?

Adam. No, nor take no knowledge of his being here.

Alce. But tell me, is he angry or displeased.

Adam. Should seeme so, for he is wondrous sad.

Alce. Were he as mad as raning Hercules,
Ile see him, I, and were thy house of force,
These hands of mine should race it to the ground,
Unles that thou wouldst bring me to my loue.

Adam. Nay and you be so impatient Ile be gone.

Alce. Stay Adam, stay, thou wert wont to bee my friend,
Aske Mosbie how I haue incurred his wrath,
Beare him from me these paire of siluer dice
With which we plaid for kisses many a time,
And when I lost, I wan, and so did hee:
Such winning and such losing, Ioue send me,
And bid him if his loue doe not decline,
To come this morning but along my doore:
And as a stranger, but salute me there,
This may hee doe without suspect or feare.

Adam. Ile tell him what you say, and so farewell.

Exit Adam.

Alce. Doe, and one day Ile make amends for all:
I know he loues me well, but dares not come,
Because my husband is so ielious:
And these my narrow prying neighbours blab,
Hinder our meetings when we should conferre.
But if I liue, that block shall be remoued,
And Mosbie, thou that comes to me by stealth,
Shalt neither feare the biting speech of men,

Nor Ardens lookes, as surely shall he die,
As I abhorre him, and loue none but thee.

Heere enters Michaell.

How now Michaell, whether are you going?

Michaell. To fetch my Maisters nagge,
I hope youle thinke on me.

Alce. I but Michaell see you keepe your oath,
And be as secret, as you are resolute.

Michaell, Ile see he shall not liue aboue a weeke.

Alce. On that condition Michaell here is my hand,
None shall haue Mosbies sister but thy selfe.

Michaell. I vnderstand the Painter heere hard by
Hath made report that he and Sue is sure.

Alce. There's no such matter, Michaell beleeue it not.

Michaell. But he hath sent a dagger sticking in a hart,
With a verse or two stolne from a painted cloth:
The which I heare the wench keepes in her chest.
Well let her keepe it, I shall finde a fellow
That can both write and reade, and make rime too,
And if I doe, well I say no more:
Ile send from London such a taunting Letter,
As shall eate the hart he sent with salt,
And sting the dagger at the Painters head.

Alce. What needes all this, I say that Susan's thine.

Michaell. Why, then I say, that I will kill my Maister
Or any thing that you will haue me doe.

Alce. But Michaell see you doe it cunningly.

Michaell. Why, say I should be tooke, ile nere confesse,
That you know any thing, and Susan beeing a maide,
May begge me from the gallous of the Shriefe.

Alce. Trust not to that Michaell.

Michaell. You can not tell me, I haue seene it I.
But Mistres, tell her whether I liue or die,
Ile make her more worth then twenty Painters can,
For I will rid mine elder Brother away:
And then the farme of Bolton is mine owne.
Who would not venture vpon house and land?

When

When he may haue it for a right downe blow.

Heere enters Mosbie.

Alce. Yonder comes Mosbie, Michaell get thee gone,
And let not him nor any know thy drifts.

Exit Michaell.

Mosbie my loue,

Mosbie. Away I say, and talke not to me now,

Alce. A word or two sweet hart, and then I will,
Tis yet but early daies, thou needest not feare.

Mosbie. Where is your Husband?

Alce. Tis now high water, and he is at the key.

Mosbie. There let him be, hence forward know mee not.

Alce. Is this the end of all thy solemne oathes?
Is this the fruite thy reconcilement buds?
Haue I for this giuen thee so many fauours,
Incurd my Husbands hate, and out alas,
Made shipwracke of mine honour for thy sake,
And doost thou say hence forward know me not?
Remember when I lockt thee in my closet
What were thy words and mine, did we not both
Decree, to murder Arden in the night.
The heauens can witnes, and the world can tell,
Before I saw that falshoode looke of thine,
Fore I was tangled with thy tiring speech,
Arden to me was decrer then my soule,
And shall be still, base peasant get thee gone,
And boast not of thy conquest ouer me,
Gotten by witch-craft, and mere sorcerie.
For what hast thou to countenaunce my loue,
Being discended of a noble house,
And matcht already with a gentleman,
Whose seruant thou maist be, and so farewell.

Mosbie. Vngentle and vnkind Alce, now I see
That which I euer feard, and finde too true:
A womans loue is as the lightning flame,
Which euen in bursting forth consumes it selfe.
To try thy constancie haue I beene strange,

would

Would I had neuer tried, but liued in hope.
Alce. What needes thou try me, whom thou neuer found (false,
Mos. Yet pardon me, for loue is iealious,
Alce. So lick the Sayler to the Mermaides song,
So lookes the trauailer to the Basiliske,
I am content for to be reconcilde,
And that I know wil be mine ouerthrow.
Mos. Thine ouerthrow? first let the world dissolue,
Alce. Nay Mosby let him stil enioy thy Loue,
And happen what wil, I am resolute,
My sauing husband hoards vp bags of gold,
To make our children rich, and now is he
Gone to vnloade the goods that shal be thine,
And Bee and Francklin wil to London straight.
Mos. To London Alce, if thow'lt be ruld by me,
Weele make him sure enough for comming there.
Alce. Ah, would we could.
Mos. I happend on a Painter yester-night,
The onely cunning man of Christendome:
For he can temper poyson with his oyle,
That who so lookes vpon the worke he drawes,
Shal with the beames that issue from his sight,
Sucke venome to his breast and slay himselfe.
Sweete Alce he shal draw thy counterfet,
That Arden may by gazing on it perish.
Alce. I but Mosbie that is dangerous,
For thou or I, or any other else,
Comming into the chamber where it hangs, may die.
Mos. I but weele haue it couered with a cloath,
And hung vp in the study for himselfe.
Alce. It may not be, for when the picture's drawne,
Arden I know wil come and shew it me.
Mos. Feare not, weele haue that shal serue the turne,
This is the Painters house, Ile call him forth.
Alce. But Mosbie, Ile haue no such picture I:
Mos. I pray thee leaue it to my discretion: How, Clarke.

Heere enters Clarke.

Heere enters Clarke.

O you are an honest man of your word, you seru'd me well,
Clarke. Why sir, ile doe it for you at any time,
Prouided as you haue giuen your word,
I may haue Susan Mosbie for my wife:
For as sharpe witted Poets, whose sweet verse
Make heauenlie Gods breake of their Nectar draughts,
And lay their cares downe to the lowly earth:
Ile humble promise to their sacred Muse,
So we that are the Poets fauorites,
Must haue a loue, I, Loue is the Painters Muse,
That makes him frame a speaking countenaunce.
A weeping eye that witnesseth harts griefe,
Then tell me Maister Mosbie, shall I haue her?
Alce. 'Tis pittie but he should, heele vse her well.
Mosbie. Clarke heers my hand my sister shall be thine.
Clark. Then brother to requite this curtesie,
You shall commaund my life, my skill and all.
Alce. Ah that thou couldst be secret,
Mosbie. Feare him not, leaue, I haue talkt sufficient.
Cla. You know not me that aske such questions:
Let it suffice, I know you loue him well,
And faine would haue your husband made away:
Wherein trust me you shew a noble minde,
That rather then youle liue with him you hate,
Youle venture life, and die with him you loue,
The like will I doe for my Susans sake.
Alce. Yet nothing could inforce me to the deede,
But Mosbies loue, might I without controule
Enioy thee still, then Arden should not die.
Mos. Enough sweet Alce, thy kinde words make me
Your tricke of poysoned pictures we dislike, (melt,
Some other poyson would doe better farre.
Alce. I such as might be put into his broth,
And yet in taste not to be found at all.
Clark. I know your mind, and heere I haue it for you,
Put but a dram of this into his drinke,

Or any kinde of broth that he shall eate,
And he shall die within an houre after.

Alce. As I am a gentle-woman Clarke, next day
Thou and Susan shall be married. (Clark,

Mos. And Ile make her dowry more then Ile talke of
Clarke. Ponder's your husband, Mosbie Ile be gone.

Heere enters Arden and Franklin.

Alce. In good time, see where my husband comes,
Maister Mosbie, aske him the question your selfe.

Exit Clarke.

Mos. Maister Arden, being at London yester night,
The Abby lands whereof you are now possest,
Were offred me on some occasion,
By Greene, one of sir Antony Agers men:
I pray you sir tell me, are not the lands yours?
Hath any other interest herein?

Arden. Mosbie that question wele decide anon,
Alce, make ready my breakfast, I must hence.

Exit Alce.

As for the lands Mosbie they are mine,
By Letters patents from his Maiestie:
But I must haue a Mandat for my wife,
They say you seeke to rob me of her loue:
Villaine what makes thou in her company,
Shees no companion for so base a groome.

Mosbie. Arden I thought not on her, I came to thée
But rathen then Ile pocket vp this wrong

Francklin. What will you doe sir?

Mos. Reuenge it on the proudest of you both:

Then Arden drawes forth Mosbies sword.

Arden. So sirha, you may not weare a sword,
The statute makes against artificers,
I warrand that I doe, now vse your bodkin,
Your spanish needle, and your pressing yron.
For this shall go with me, and marke my words,
You goodman botcher, tis to you I speake,
The next time that I take thee nere my house,

In ſtæde of legs Ile make thee crawle on ſtumps.
Moſ. Ah maiſter Arden, you haue iniur'd me,
I do appeale to God, and to the world.
Franc. Why canſt thou deny, thou wert a botcher once,
Moſ. Meaſure me what I am, not what I was.
Ard. Why what art thou now, but a Vcluct drudge,
A cheating ſteward, and baſe minded peaſant.
Moſ. Arden, now thou haſt belcht and vomited,
The rancorous venome of thy miſwoln hart,
Heare me but ſpeake, as I intend to liue
With God, and his elected Saints in heauen,
I neuer meant more to ſolicite her,
And that ſhe knowes, and all the world ſhal ſee.
I loued her once, ſweete Arden pardon me.
I could not chooſe, her beauty fired my hart,
But time hath quencht theſe ouerraging coales:
And Arden, though I now frequent thy houſe,
Tis for my ſiſters ſake, her waiting maide,
And not for hers, mayeſt thou enioy her long:
Yel fire and wrathful vengeance light on mee,
If I diſhonour her or iniure thee.
Ard. Moſbie, with theſe thy proteſtation,
The deadly hatred of my hart is appeaſed,
And thou and Ile be friends, if this proue true.
As for the baſe tearmes I gaue thee late,
Forget them Moſbie, I had cauſe to ſpeake:
When all the Knights and Gentlemen of Kent,
Make common table talke of her and thee.
Moſ. Who liues that is not toucht with ſlanderous tongs.
Fran. Then Moſbie, to eſchew the ſpeach of men,
Vpon whoſe general bruite all honour hangs,
Forbeare his houſe.
Ard. Forbeare it, nay rather frequent it more.
The world ſhal ſee that I diſtruſt her not,
To warne him on the ſudden from my houſe,
Were to confirme the rumour that is growne.
Moſ. By faith my ſir you ſay true,

And therefore wil I soiourne heere a while,
Until our enemies haue talkt their fill.
And then I hope theile cease, and at last confesse,
How causeleslie they haue iniur'd her and me.
Ard. And I wil lie at London all this tearme,
To let them see how light I wey their words.

Heere enters Alce.

Alce. Husband sit downe, your breakfast wil be cold,
Ard. Come M. Mosbie, wil you sit with vs,
Mos. I cannot eate, but ile sit for company.
Ard. Sirra Michael see your horse be ready.
Alce. Husband why pause you, why eate you not.
Ard. I am not wel, there's something in this broath,
That is not holesome, didst thou make it Alce?
Alce. I did, and that's the cause it likes not you.

Then she throwes downe the broath on the ground.

There's nothing that I doe can please your taste.
You were best to say I would haue poysoned you,
I cannot speake or cast aside my eye:
But he imagines I haue slept awry.
Heere's he that you cast in my teeth so oft,
Now wil I be conuinced, or purge my selfe,
I charge thee speake to this mistrustful man,
Thou that wouldst see me hang, thou Mosbie thou,
What fauour hast thou had more then a kisse
At comming or departing from the Towne?
Mos. You wrong your selfe and me, to cast these doubts:
Your louing husband is not iealious.
Ard. Why gentle mistres Alce, cannot I be ill,
But youle accuse your selfe.
Francklin thou hast a bore of Methridate,
Ile take a little to preuent the worst.
Fran. Do so, and let vs presently take horse,
My life for yours ye shal do wel enough.
Alce. Giue me a spoone, ile eate of it my selfe,
Would it were ful of poyson to the brim,

Then should my cares and troubles haue an end,
Was euer silly woman so tormented?
Arden. Be patient sweet loue, I mistrust not thee,
Alce. God will reuenge it Arden if thou doost.
For neuer woman lou'd her husband better then I do thee.
Arden. I know it sweet Alce, cease to complaine,
Least that in teares I aunswere thee againe.
Frank. Come leaue this dallying, and let vs away.
Alce. Forbeare to wound me with that bitter word,
Ardenshall goe to London in mine armes.
Arden. Loth am I to depart, yet I must goe,
Alce. Wilt thou to London then, and leaue me here?
Ah if thou loue me gentle Arden stay,
Yet if thy busines be of great import
Goe if thou wilt, Ile beare it as I may:
But write from London to me euery weeke,
Nay euery day, and stay no longer there
Then thou must needes, least that I die for sorrow.
Arden. Ile write vnto thee euery other tide,
And so farewell sweete Alce till we meete next.
Alce. Farewell husband seeing youle haue it so.
And M. Francklin, seeing you take him hence,
In hope youle hasten him home, Ile giue you this.
and then shee kisseth him.
Fran. And if he stay, the fault shall not be mine,
Mosbie farewell, and see you keepe your oath.
Mos. I hope he is not iealious of me now.
Arden. No Mosbie no, hereafter thinke of me
As of your dearest friend, and so farewell.
Exeunt Arden, Francklin, and Michaell.
Alce. I am glad he is gone, he was about to stay.
But did you marke me then how I brake of?
Mos. I Alce, and it was cunningly performd,
But what a villaine was the Painter Clarke?
Alce. Was it not a goodly poyson that he gaue?
Why he's as well now, as he was before.
It should haue beene some fine confection,

That

That might haue giuen the broth some daintie taſt.
This powder was too groſſe and populos.
Mosb. But had he eaten but three ſpoonefuls more,
Then had he died, and our loue continued.
Alce. Why ſo it ſhall Moſbie, albeit he liue,
Mosb. It is impoſſible, for I haue ſworne
Neuer hereafter to ſolicite thee.
Or whilſt he liues, once more importune thee.
Alce. Thou ſhalt not neede, I will importune thee.
What ſhall an oath make thee forſake my loue?
As if I haue not ſworne as much my ſelfe,
And giuen my hand vnto him in the Church,
Tuſh Moſbie, oathes are words, and words are wind,
And winde is mutable: then I conclude,
'Tis childiſhnes to ſtand vpon an oath.
Moſ. Well proued Miſtres Alce, yet by your leaue,
Ile keepe mine vnbroken whilſt he liues.
Alce. I doe and ſpare not, his time is but ſhort,
For if thou beſt as reſolute as I,
Weele haue him murdered as he walkes the ſtreetes:
In London many Alehouſe Ruffins keepe,
Which as I heare will murther men for gold,
They ſhall be ſoundly fed, to pay him home:

Heere enters Greene.

Moſ. Alce whats he y comes yonder, knoweſt thou him?
Alce. Moſbie be gone, I hope tis one that comes
To put in practiſe our intended drifts.

Exit Mosbie.

Greene. Miſtres Arden you are well met,
I am ſorry that your Huſband is from home,
When as my purpoſed iourney was to him,
Yet all my labour is not ſpent in vaine:
For I ſuppoſe that you can full diſcourſe,
And ſtat reſolue me of the thing I ſeeke.
Alce. What is it maiſter Greene? If that I may
Or can, with ſafetie, I will anſwere you.
Greene. I heard your huſband had the graunt of late,

Con-

Confirmed by letters patents from the King,
Of all the lands of the Abby of Feuersham,
Generally intitled, so that all former grants,
Are cut off, whereof I my selfe had one.
But now my interest by that is voide,
This is all mistris Arden, is it true or no?

Alce. True maister Greene, the lands are his in state,
And whatsoeur leases were before,
Are voide for tearme of maister Ardens life:
He hath the grant vnder the Chancery seale.

Greene. Pardon me mistres Arden, I must speake,
For I am toucht, your husband doth me wrong:
To wring me from the little land I haue.
My liuing is my life, onely that
Resteth remained of my portion.
Desire of wealth is endlesse in his minde,
And he is greedy gaping stil for gaine,
Nor cares he though young Gentlemen doe beg,
So he may scrape and hoord vp in his pouch,
But seeing he hath taken my lands, Ile vale w life:
As careless, as he is carefull for to get,
And tel him this from me, ile be reuenged,
And so, as he shal wish the Abby lands
Had rested stil, within their former state.

Alce. Alas poore Gentleman, I pitty you,
And wee is me that any man should want,
God knowes tis not my fault, but wonder not
Though he be hard to others, when to me,
Ah maister Greene, God knowes how I am vsd.

Greene. Why mistres Arden can the crabbed churle,
Vse you vnkindly, respects he not your your birth?
Your honorable friends, nor what you brought:
Why? all Kent knowes your parentage, and what you are.

Alce. Ah maister Greene be it spoken in secret heere,
I neuer liue good day with him alone:
When he is at home, then haue I froward lokes,
Hard words and blowes, to mend the match withall:

And

And though I might content as good a man,
Yet doth he keepe in euery corner Truls,
And weary with his Trugs at home,
Then rides he straight to London, there forsoth
He reuels it among such filthy ones,
As counsels him to make away his wife:
Thus liue I daily in continual feare:
In sorrow, so dispairing of redresse
As euery day I wish with harty prayer,
That he or I were taken forth the world.

Greene. Now trust me mistres Alce, it greeueth me,
So faire a creature should be so abused,
Why who would haue thought the ciuil sir, so sollen,
He lookes so smoothly, now fie vpon him Churle.
And if he liue a day he lines too long,
But frolick woman, I shal be the man,
Shal set you free from all this discontent:
And if the Churle deny my interest,
And wil not yeld my lease into my hand,
Ile pay him home, what euer hap to me.

Alce But speake you as you thinke?

Gree. I Gods my witnes, I meane plaine dealing,
For I had rather die then lose my land.

Alce. Then maister Greene be counsailed by me,
Indanger not your selfe, for such a Churle,
But hire some Cutter for to cut him short.
And heere's ten pound to wager them withall,
When he is dead you shal haue twenty more.
And the lands whereof my husband is possest,
Shal be intitled as they were before,

Gree. Will you keepe promise with me?

Alce. Or count me false and periurd, whilst I liue,

Gree. Then heere's my hand, Ile haue him so dispatcht,
Ile vp to London straight, Ile thether poast,
And neuer rest, til I haue compast it,
Til then farewel.

Alce. Good fortune follow all your forward thoughts.

Exit Greene.

And whosoeuer doth attempt the deede,
A happy hand I wish, and so farewel.
All this goes wel, Mosbie I long for thee,
To let thee know all that I haue contriued.

Heere enters Mosbie and Clarke.

Mos. How now Alce what's the newes,
Alce. Such as wil content thee wel sweet hart.
Mos. Wel let them passe a while, and tel me Alce,
How haue you dealt, and tempered with my sister,
What wil she haue my neighbour Clarke, or no?
Alce. What M. Mosbie let him woe himselfe,
Thinke you that maides loke not for faire words,
Goe to her Clarke she's all alone within,
Michael my man is cleane out of her bookes.
Clarke. I thanke you mistres Arden, I wil in,
And if faire Susan, and I can make a gree,
You shal commaund me to the vttermost,
As farre as either goods or life may stretch. Exit Clarke.
Mos. Now Alce let's heare thy newes?
Alce. They be so good, that I must laugh for ioy,
Before I can begin to tel my tale.
Mos. Let's heare them, that I may laugh for company.
Alce. This morning M. Greene, Dick Greene I meane,
From whom my husband had the Abby land,
Came hether rayling for to know the truth,
Whether my husband had the lands by grant,
I told him all, whereat he stormd a maine,
And swore he would cry quittance with the Churle,
And if he did deny his interest
Stab him, whatsoeuer did befal himselfe.
When as I saw his choller thus to rise,
I whetted on the Gentleman with words:
And to conclude, Mosbie, at last we grew
To composition for my husbands death,
I gaue him ten pound to hire knaues,
By some deuise to make away the Churle:

When he is dead, he should haue twenty more,
And repossesse his former lands againe,
On this we grée, and he is ridden straight
To London, to bring his death about.
Mos. But call you this good newes?
Alce. I sweet hart, be they not?
Mos. Twere chereful news to heare the churle were dead
But trust me Alce, I take it passing ill,
You would be so forgetful of our state,
To make recount of it to euery groome,
What? to acquaint each stranger with our drifts,
Chiefely in case of murther, why tis the way,
To make it open vnto Ardens selfe.
And bring thy selfe and me to ruine both,
Forewarnd, forearmd, who threats his enemy,
Lends him a sword to guard himselfe with all.
Alce. I did it for the best.
Mos. Wel, seeing tis done, cheerely let it passe.
You know this Greene, is he not religious?
A man I gesse of great deuotion.
Alce. He is.
Mos. Then sweet Alce let it passe, I haue a drift
Wil quiet all, what euer is amisse.

Heere enters Clarke and Susan.

Alce. How now Clarke, haue you found me false?
Did I not pleade the matter hard for you?
Clark. You did.
Mos. And what? Wil't be a match,
Clark. A match, I faith sir I, the day is mine,
The Painter layes his colours to the life,
His pensel drawes no shadowes in his loue.
Susan is mine.
Alce. You make her blush.
Mos. What sticker is it Clarke must be the man?
Susa. It resteth in your graunt, some words are past,
And happily we be growne vnto a match,
If you be willing that it shal be so?

Mos. Ah maister Clarke, it resteth at my grant,
You see my sister's yet at my dispose,
But so you'l grant me one thing I shal aske,
I am content my sister shal be yours.
Clark. What is it M. Mosbie?
Mos. I do remember once in secret talke,
You told me how you could compound by Art,
A Crucifix impoysoned:
That who so loke vpon it should were blind,
And with the sent be stifled, that ere long,
He should die poysond, that did view it wel.
I would haue you make me such a Crucifix,
And then Ile grant my sister shal be yours.
Clar. Though I am loath, because it toucheth life,
Yet rather or Ile leaue sweet Susans loue,
Ile doe it, and with all the hast I may.
But for whom is it?
Alce. Leaue that to vs, why Clarke, is it possible,
That you should paint and draw it out your selfe,
The colours being baleful and impoysoned,
And no wayes prejudice your selfe with all?
Mos. Wel questioned Alce,
Clarke how answer you that?
Clark. Very easily, Ile tel you straight,
How I do worke of these impoysoned drugs,
I fasten on my spectacles so close,
As nothing can any way offend my sight,
Then as I put a leafe within my nose,
So put I Rubarbe to anoide the smel,
And softly as another worke I paint.
Mos. Tis very wel, but against when shal I haue it.
Clar. Within this ten dayes.
Mos. Twil serue the turne.
Now Alce let's in, and see what chere you keepe,
I hope now M. Arden is from home,
Now'l giue me leaue to play your husbands part.
Alce. Mosbie you know whole maister of my hart,

He

He well may be the Maister of the house. Exeunt.

Heere enters Greene and Bradshaw.

Brad. See you them that comes yonder M. Greene?

Greene. I very well, doe you know them?

Here enters Black-will and Shakebag.

Brad. The one I know not, but he seemes a knaue,
Cheefely for bearing the other companie:
For such a slaue, so vile a roge as hee,
Liues not againe vpon the earth,
Black-will is his name, I tell you M. Greene,
At Bulloine he and I were fellow souldiers,
Where he plaid such prankes,
As all the Campe feard him for his villany:
I warrant you he beares so bad a mind,
That for a crowne hæle murder any man.

Greene. The fitter is hee for my purpose marie.

Will. How now fellow Bradshaw,
Whether away so earlie?

Brad. O Will, times are chang'd, no fellowes now,
Though we were once together in the fielde,
Yet thy friende, to doe thee any good I can.

Will. Why Bradshaw, was not thou and I
Fellow souldiers at Bulloine, (groome?
Where I was a corporall, and thou but a base mercenarie
No fellowes now, because you are a Goldsmith,
And haue a little plate in your shop,
You were glad to call me fellow Will,
And with a curtie to the earth,
One snatch good corporall.
When I stole the halfe Ore from John the vitler,
And dominer'd with it, amongst good fellowes,
In one night.

Brad. I Will, those dayes are past with mee,

Will. I but they be not past with mee.
For I keepe that same honorable minde still, (low,
Good neighbour Bradshawe you are too proude to be my fel-
But were it not, that I see more company comming downe

the hill, I would be fellowes with you once more,
And share crownes with you to.
But let that passe, and tell me whether you goe.
Brad. To London Will, about a peece of seruice,
Wherein happily thou maist pleasure me.
Will. What is it?
Brad. Of late Lord Cheiny lost some plate,
Which one did bring, and sold it at my shop,
Saying he serued Sir Antony Cooke,
A search was made, the plate was found with me,
And I am bound to aunswere at the syse,
Now Lord Cheiny solemnly vowes,
If law will serue him, hele hang me for his plate,
Now I am going to London vpon hope
To finde the fellow, now Will I know
Thou art acquainted with such companions.
Will. What manner of man was hee?
Brad. A leane faced writhen knaue,
Hauke nosed, and very hollow eyed,
With mightie furrowes in his stormie browes,
Long haire downe his shoulders curled,
His chinne was bare, but on his vpper lippe,
A mutchado, which he wound about his eare.
Will. What apparell had he,
Brad. A watched sattin doublet all to torne,
The inner side did beare the greater show,
A paire of thred bare Veluet hose seame rent,
A wosted stockin rent aboue the shoe,
A liuery cloake, but all the lace was of,
It was bad, but yet it serued to hide the plate,
Will. Sirra Shakebag, canst thou remember
Since we trould the boule at Sittingburgh,
Where I broke the Taplers head of the Lyon
With a Cudgell sticke?
Shak. I very well Will.
Will. Why it was with the money that the plate was sold
Sirra Bradshaw, what wilt thou giue him (for

That

That can tell thee who soulde thy plate?
Brad. Who I pray thee good Will.
VVill. Why twas one Jack Fitten,
Hee's now in Nowgate for stealing a horse,
And shall be arraind the next syse.
Brad. Why then, let Lord Cheiny seeke Jack Fittē forth,
For Ile back and tell him, who robbed him of his plate,
This cheeres my hart, M. Greene, Ile leaue you,
For I must to the Ile of Sheppy with speede.
Greene. Before you goe let me intreate you
To carry this letter to Mistres Arden of Feuersham,
And humbly recommend me to her selfe.
Brad. That will I M. Greene, and so farewell.
Heere Will, there's a crowne for thy good newes.
Exit Bradshaw.
VVill. Farewell Bradshaw,
Ile drinke no water for thy sake, whilst this doth last:
Now gentleman, shall we haue your company to London.
Gre. Nay stay sirs, a little more I needes must vse your (helpe,
And in a matter of great consequence,
Wherein if youle be secret and profound,
Ile giue you twentie angels for your paines.
VVill. How? twentie angels? giue my fellow
George Shakebag and me, twentie angels,
And if thoult haue thy owne father slaine,
That thou maist inherit his land, weele kill him.
Shak. I thy Mother, thy sister, thy brother, or all thy kin.
Gre. Well this it is, Arden of Feuersham
Hath mightily wronged me about Abby land,
That no reuenge but death will serue the turne.
Will you two kill him, heres the angels downe,
And I will lay the platforme of his death.
VVill. Plat me no platformes, giue me the money,
And ile stab him as he stands pissing against a wall,
But ile kill him.
Shak. Where is he?
Greene. He is now at London, in Aldersgate streete,

Shak-

Shak. Hee's dead, as if he had beene condemned
By an act of parliament, if once Black Will and I
Sweare his death.
Gre. Heere is ten pound, and when he is dead,
Ye shall haue twentie more.
VVill. My fingers itches to be at the peasant,
Oh that I might be set a worke thus through the yeere,
And that murther would grow to an occupation,
That a man might without danger of law,
Zounds I warrant, I should be warden of the company,
Come let vs be going, and weele bate at Rochester,
Where ile giue thee a gallon of Sack,
To haysell the match withall. Exeunt.

Heere enters Michaell.

Mich. I haue gotten such a Letter,
As will touch the Painter: and thus it is.

Heere enters Arden and Francklin, and heares Michaell reade this Letter.

My duety remembred Mistres Susan, hoping in God you bee in good health, as I Michaell was at the making heereof. This is to certifie you, that as the Turtle true, when shee hath lost her mate, sitteth alone, so I mourning for your absence, doe walke vp and downe Poules, till one day I fell a sleepe and lost my Maisters Pantophelles. Ah mistres Susan abbolish that paltry Painter, cut him off by the shinnes with the frowning looke of your crabed countenance, & thinke vpon Michaell, who drunke with the dregs of your fauour, will cleaue as fast to your loue, as a plaister of Pitch to a gald horse backe. Thus hoping you will let my passions penetrate, or rather impetrate mercie of your meeke hands, I end.

Yours Michaell, *or els not* Michaell.

Ard. Why you paltry knaue,
Stand you heere loytering, knowing my affaires,
What hast my busines craues to send to Kent?
Fran. Faith friend Michaell, this is very ill,
Knowing your Maister hath no more but you,
And doe you slacke his busines for your owne?
Arden. Where is the Letter sirra, let me see it,

Then

Then he giues him the Letter.

See maister Francklin, heres proper stuffe,
Susan my maid, the Painter, and my man,
A crue of harlots all in loue forsooth.
Sirra let me heare no more of this,
Now for thy life once write to her a word,

Here enters Greene, Will, and Shakebag.

Wilt thou be married to so base a trull,
Tis Mosbies sister, come I once at home,
Ile rouse her for remaining in my house:
Now M. Francklin let vs goe walke in Paules,
Come, but a turne or two, and then away. Exeunt.

Gre. The first is Arden, and thats his man,
The other is Francklin, Ardens deerest friend.

Will. Zounds, Ile kill them all three,

Gre. Nay sirs, touch not his man in any case,
But stand close, and take your fittest standing,
And at his comming forth speede him:
To the Nagges head, there's this cowards haunt,
But now Ile leaue you till the deede be done. Exit Greene.

Shak. If he be not paid his owne nere trust Shakebag.

Wil. Sirra Shakbag, at his comming forth
Ile runne him through, and then to the Blackfrees,
And there take water and away.

Shak. Why thats the best, but see thou misse him not.

Wil. How can I misse him, when I thinke on the forty
angels I must haue more.

Heere enters a Prentise.

Prentise. Tis very late, I were best shut vp my stall,
For here will be old filching when the presse comes forth
of Paules. Then lets he downe his window, and it
breakes Black-wills head.

Wil. Zounds draw Shakbag, I am almost kild.

Pren. Wele tame you I warrant.

Wil. Zounds I am tame enough already.

Here enters Arden, Fran. and Michaell.

Ard. What troublesome fray or mutany is this?

Fran. Tis nothing but some brabling paltry fray
Deuised to picke mens pockets in the throng.
Ard. Is nothing els? come Franklin lets away. Exeunt.
Will. What mends shall I haue for my broken head?
Pren. Mary this mends, that if you get you not away
all the sooner, you shall be well beaten and sent to the counter. Exit prentise.
Wil. Well Ile be gone, but looke to your signes,
For Ile pull them downe all.
Shakebag, my broken head grieues me not so much,
As by this meanes Arden hath escaped.
Heere enters Greene.
I had a glimse of him and his companion.
Gren. Why sirs, Ardens as well as I,
I met him and Francklin going merrily to the ordinary,
What dare you not doe it? (againe,
Will. Yes sir we dare doe it, but were my consent to giue
We would not doe it vnder ten pound more.
I value euery drop of my blood at a french Crowne.
I haue had ten pound to steale a dogge,
And we haue no more heere to kill a man,
But that a bargaine is a bargaine, and so forth,
You should doe it your selfe.
Gre. I pray thee how came thy head broke,
VVil. Why thou seest it is broke, dost thou not.
Sha. Standing against a staule, watching Ardens cõming
A boy let downe his shop window, and broke his head.
Whereupon arose a braule, and in the tumult
Arden escapt vs, and past by vnthought on.
But forbearance is no quittance,
Another time wele doe it I warrant thee.
Gre. I pray thee will make cleane thy bloody brow,
And let vs bethinke vs on some other place,
Where Arden may be met with handsomly.
Remember how deuoutly thou hast sworne,
To kill the villaine, thinke vpon thine oath.
VVill. Tush, I haue broken fiue hundred oathes,

But

But wouldst thou charme me to effect this deede,
Tell me of gold my resolutions fee,
Say thou seest Mosbie kneeling at my knees,
Offring me seruice for my high attemp:
And sweet Alce Arden with a lap of crownes,
Comes with a lowly curtsie to the earth,
Saying take this, but for thy quarterige,
Such yeerely tribute will I answere thee.
Why this would steele soft melted cowardice,
With which blacke Will was neuer tainted with.
I tell thee Greene the forlorne trauailer,
Whose lips are glewed with sommers parching heat,
Nere longd so much to see a running brooke,
As I to finish Ardens Tragedy.
Seest thou this goare that cleaueth to my face?
From hence nere will I wash this bloody staine,
Till Ardens hart be panting in my hand.

Gre. Why thats well said, but what saith Shakebag?

Shak. I cannot paint my valour out with words,
But giue me place and opportunitie,
Such mercy as the staruen Lyonesse
When she is dry suckt of her eager young:
Showes to the pray that next encounters her,
On Arden so much pittie would I take.

Gre. So should it fare with men of firme resolue,
And now sirs, seeing this accident,
Of meeting him in Paules hath no successe:
Let vs bethinke vs on some other place,
Whose earth may swallow vp this Ardens blood.

Heere enters Michaell.

See yonder comes his man, and wat you what,
The foolish knaue is in loue with Mosbies sister,
And for her sake whose loue he cannot get,
Unlesse Mosbie solicit his sute,
The villaine hath sworne the slaughter of his maister,
Weele question him, for he may stead vs much:
How now Michaell, whether are you going?

Mic. My maister hath new supt,
And I am going to prepare his chamber.
Gre. Where supt Maister Arden?
Mic. At the Nags head, at the 18. pence ordinary.
How now M. Shakbag, what Black will,
Gods deere Lady, how chaunce your face is so bloody?
Wil. Goe to sirra, there is a chaunce in it.
This sawcines in you will make you knockt.
Mic. Nay and you be offended ile be gone.
Gre. Stay Michaell, you may not scape vs so,
Michael I know you loue your M. well.
Mic. Why so I doe, but wherefore urge you that?
Gre. Because I thinke you loue your Mistres better.
Mic. So thinke not I, but say yfaith what if I should?
Sha. Come to the purpose Michaell, we heare
You haue a pretty loue in Feuersham,
Mic. Why, haue I two or three, whats that to thee?
Will. You deale to mildly with the pesant, thus it is,
Tis knowne to vs you loue Mosbies sister,
We know besides that you haue tane your oath
To further Mosbie to your Mistris bed,
And kill your Maister for his sisters sake.
Now sir, a poorer coward then your selfe,
Was neuer fostered in the coast of Kent,
How comes it then that such a knaue as you,
Dare sweare a matter of such consequence?
Gre. Ah Will.
Will. Tush giue me leaue, theres no more but this,
Sith thou hast sworne, we dare discouer all.
And hadst thou or shouldst thou vtter it,
We haue deuised a complot vnder hand
What euer shall betide to any of vs,
To send thee roundly to the deuill of hell.
And therefore thus, I am the very man,
Markt in my birth howre by the destinies,
To giue an end to Ardens life on earth.
Thou but a member, but to whet the knife,

Whose edge must searche the closet of his breast.
Thy office is but to appoint the place,
And traine the M. to his tragedy.
Mine to performe it, when occasion serues.
Then be not nice, but heere deuise with vs,
How and what way, we may conclude his death.
Sha. So shalt thou purchase Mosbie for thy friend,
And by his friendship gaine his sisters loue.
Greene. So shal thy Mistres be thy fauorer,
And thou disburdned of the oath thou made.
Mich. Wel Gentlemen I cannot but confesse,
Sith you haue urged me so aparantly,
That I haue vowed my M. Ardens death,
And he whose kindly loue and liberall hand,
Doth challenge naught but good deserts of me,
I wil deliuer euer to your hands.
This night come to his house at Aldersgate,
The doores Ile leaue vnlockt against you come.
No sooner shal ye enter through the latch,
Ouer the threshold to the inner court.
But on your left hand shal you see the staires.
That leades directly to my M. chamber.
There take him, and dispose him as ye please.
Now it were good we parted company,
What I haue promised, I wil performe.
Will. Should you deceiue vs, twould goe wrong with you.
Mic. I wil accomplish all I haue reueald.
Will. Come let's go drink, coller makes me as dry as a dog
Exeunt VVill, Greene, and Shakebag.
Manet Michaell.
Mich. Thus feeds the Lamb securely on the downe,
Whilst through the thicket of an arber brake,
The hunger-bitten Woolfe ore-pries his hant,
And takes aduantage to eate him vp.
Ah harmlesse Arden how, how hast thou misdone,
That thus thy gentle life is leueld at,
The many good turnes that thou hast done to me,

Now must I quittance with betraying thee.
I that should take the weapon in my hand,
And buckler thee from ill intending foes,
Doe leade thee with a wicked fraudful smile,
As vnsuspected, to the slaughterhouse:
So haue I sworne to Mosby and my Pistres.
So haue I promised to the slaughtermen.
And should I not deale currently with them,
Their lawlesse rage would take reuenge on me.
Tush I will spurne at mercy for this once.
Let pitty lodge where fœble women lie,
I am resolued, and Arden nœds must die. Exit Michael.

Heere enters *Arden* and Francklin.

Arden. No Francklin no, if feare or stormy threats,
If loue of me, or care of womanhoode,
If feare of God, or common speach of men,
Who mangle credite with their wounding words,
And reach dishonour, as dishoneur buds.
Might ioyne repentance in her wanton thoughts,
No question then but she would turne the leafe,
And sorrow for her desolution.
But she is rooted in her wickednes.
Peruerse and stubburne, not to be reclaimd,
Good counsaile is to her as raine to weedes,
And reprehension makes her vice to grow,
As *Hydraes* head that perisht by decay.
Her faults me thinke are painted in my face,
For euery searching eye to ouer-reade.
And Mosbies name, a scandale vnto mine.
Is deepely trenched in my blushing brow.
Ah Francklin, Francklin, when I think on this,
My hearts greefe rends my other powers,
Worse then the conflict at the houre of death.

Franc. Gentle Arden leaue this sad lament,
She will amend, and so your greefes will cease,
Or else shele die, and so your sorrowes end.
If neither of these two doo happily fall,

Yet

Yet let your comfort be, that others beare
Your woes twice doubled all with patience.
Ard. My house is irksome, there I cannot rest.
Fran. Then stay with me in London, goe not home.
Ard. Then that base Mosbie doth vsurpe my roome,
And makes his triumph of my being thence.
At home, or not at home, where ere I be.
Heere, heere it lies, ah Francklin heere it lies,
That wil not out til wretched Arden dies.

Heere enters Michael.

Fra. Forget your greefes a while, heere comes your man.
Ard. What a clocke ist sirra?
Mic Almost ten.
Ard. Sea, sea, how runnes away the weary time,
Come M. Francklin, shal we goe to bed.

Exeunt Arden and Michael.

Manet Francklin.

Fran. I pray you goe before, Ile follow you,
Ah what a hell is fretful Iealousie?
What pitty moving words? what deepe fetcht sighs?
What grauous groanes? and ouerlading woes,
Accompanies this gentle Gentleman.
Now wil he shake his care oppressed head,
Then fixe his sad eyes on the sollen earth,
Ashamed to gaze vpon the open world.
Now wil he cast his eyes vp towards the heauens,
Loking that waies for redresse of wrong,
Some times he seeketh to beguile his greefe,
And tels a story with his careful tongue.
Then comes his wiues dishonour in his thoughts,
And in the middle cutteth off his tale.
Powring fresh sorrow on his weary limbs.
So woe begone, so inly charged with woe,
Was neuer any liued and bare it so.

Heere enters Michael.

Mic. My M. would desire you come to bed.
Fran. Is he himselfe already in his bed?

Exit

Exit Fran. Manet Mich.

Mich. He is and faine would haue the light away,
Conflicting thoughts incamped in my breast,
Awake me with the Eccho of their strokes:
And I a Judge to censure either side,
Can giue to neither wished victory.
My maisters kindnes pleads to me for life,
With iust demaund, and I must grant it him.
My mistres she hath forced me with an oath,
For Susans sake the which I may not breake,
For that is nearer then a maisters loue,
That grim-faced fellow, pittilesse blacke Will,
And Shakebag stearne in bloody stratageme.
Two ruffer Ruffins neuer liued in Kent,
Haue sworne my death, if I infringe my vow,
A dreadful thing to be considered of,
Me thinks I see them with their bolstred haire,
Staring and grinning in thy gentle face,
And in their ruthlesse hands, their daggers drawne,
Insulting ore there with a peck of oathes.
Whilest thou submissiue pleading for releefe,
Art mangled by their irefull instruments.
Me thinks I heare them aske where Michael is,
And pittilesse blacke Will, cries stab the slaue.
The Pesant wil detect the Tragedy.
The wrinkles in his foule death threatning face,
Gapes open wide, like graues to swallow men.
My death to him is but a merriment,
And he wil murther me to make him sport.
He comes, he comes, ah M. Francklin helpe,
Call vp the neighbours or we are but dead.

Heere enters Fran. and Arden.

Fran. What dismal outcry cals me from my rest?
Ard. What hath occasiond such a feareful cry?
Speake Michael, hath any iniur'd thee?
Mich. Nothing sir, but as I fel a sleepe,
Vpon the threshold leaning to the staires,

I had

I had a fearefull dreame that troubled me,
And in my slumber thought I was beset,
With murtherer theeues that came to rifle me.
My trembling ioynts witnes my inward feare.
I craue your pardons for disturbing you.
Ard. So great a cry for nothing, I nere heard,
What, are the dores fast lockt? and all things safe?
Mic. I cannot tell, I thinke I lockt the dores.
Ard. I like not this, but Ile goe see my selfe,
Nere trust me, but the dores are all vnlockt,
This negligence not halfe contenteth me.
Get you to bed, and if you loue my fauour,
Let me haue no more such prancks as these,
Come M. Francklin, let vs goe to bed.
Fra. I by my faith, the ayre is very cold,
Michaell farewell, I pray thee dreame no more. Exeunt.

Enter Gre. Wil. and Shakebag.

Sha. Black night hath hid the pleasures of the day,
And theting darknesse ouerhangs the earth,
And with the black-fold of her cloudy robe,
Obscures vs from the eye-sight of the world,
In which sweete silence such as we triumph.
The laisie minutes linger on their time,
Loth to giue due audit to the howre:
Till in the watch our purpose be complete,
And Arden sent to euerlasting night.
Greene get you gone, and linger here about,
And at some howre hence come to vs againe,
Where we will giue you instance of his death.
Gre. Speede to my wish whose will so ere saies no,
And so ile leaue you for an houre or two. Exit. Gre.
Vvil. I tell thee Shakebag, would this thing were done,
I am so heauy that I can scarse goe:
This drowsines in me bods little good.
Shak. How now Will, become a precisian.
Nay then lets goe sleepe, when bugs and feares,
Shall kill our courages with their fancies worke.

Will. Why Shakebagge thou mistakes me much,
And wrongs me in the telling me of feare,
Wert not a serious thing we goe about,
It should be slipt till I had fought with thee:
To let thee know I am no coward I,
I tell thee Shakebag thou abusest me.
Sha. Why thy speech bewraid an inly kind of feare,
And sauourd of a weake relenting spirit.
Goe forward now in that we haue begun,
And afterwards attempt me when thou darest.
Will. And if I doe not, heauen cut me of,
But let that passe, and show me to this house.
Where thou shalt see Ile do as much as Shakebag.
Sha. This is the doore, but soft, me thinks tis shut,
The villaine Michaell hath deceiued vs,
V Vil. Soft let me see, Shakebag tis shut in deede.
Knock with thy sword, perhaps the slaue will heare,
Sha. It will not be, the white liuerd pesant is gon to bed
And laughes vs both to scorne.
Will. And he shall buy his merriment as deere,
As euer costrell bought so little sport,
Here let this sword assist me when I neede,
But rust and canker after I haue sworne:
If I the next time that I meete the hind,
Loppe not away his leg, his arme, or both.
Sha. And let me neuer draw a sword againe,
Nor prosper in the twilight, cockshut light,
When I would fleece the wealthy passenger,
But lie and languish in a loathsome den,
Hated and spit at by the geers by,
And in that death may die vnpitied,
If I the next time that I meete the slaue,
Cut not the nose from of the cowards face,
And trample on it for his villany.
Wil. Come lets go seeke out Greene, I know heele sweare
Sha. He were a villaine and he would not sweare,
T'would make a pesant sweare amongst his boyes

That

That nere durſt ſay before but yea and no.
To be thus flouted of a coyſterell.

VVill. Shakebag, lets ſeeke out Greene, ere in the morning
At the Alehouſe butting Ardens houſe,
Watch the outcomming of that prick-eard cur,
And then let me alone to handle him. Exeunt.

Here enters Ard. Fran. and Michaell.

Ard. Sirra get you backe to Billinſgate,
And learne what time the tide will ſerue our turne,
Come to vs in Paules, firſt goe make the bed,
And afterwards goe harken for the flood. Exit Michaell.
Come M. Francklin, you ſhall goe with me.
This night I dreamed that beeing in a Parke,
A toyle was pitcht to ouerthrow the deere,
And I vpon a little riſing hill,
Stoode whiſtly watching for the herds approch,
Euen there me thought a gentle ſlumber take me,
And ſommond all my parts to ſweet repoſe.
But in the pleaſure of this golden reſt,
An ill thewd foſter had remoued the toyle,
And rounded me with that beguiling horne,
Which late me thought was pitcht to caſt the deare,
With that he blew an euill ſounding horne,
And at the noyſe another heard man came
With Fauchon drawne, and bent it at my breaſt.
Crying aloude thou art the game we ſeeke,
With this I wakt, and trembled euery ioynt,
Like one obſcured in a little buſh,
That ſees a Lyon foraging about
And when the dreadfull forreſt King is gone,
He pries about, with timerous ſuſpect,
Throughout the thorny caſements of the brake,
And will not thinke his perſon dangerleſſe.
But quakes and ſhewers though the cauſe be gone.
So truſt me Francklin when I did awake,
I ſtoode in doubt whether I waked or no:
Such great impreſſion tooke this fond ſurpriſe:

God grant this vision bedreme me any good.
Fran. This fantasie doth rise from Michaels feare,
Who being awaked with the noyse he made,
His troubled sences yet could take no rest.
And this I warrant you procured your dreame.
Ard. It may be so, God frame it to the best,
But often times my dreames presage too true.
Fran. No such as note their nightly fantasies,
Some one in twentie may incurre beleefe,
But vse it not, tis but a mockerie.
Ard. Come M. Francklin wele now walke in Paules
And dine together at the ordinarie,
And by my mans direction draw to the key,
And with the tyde goe downe to Feuersham.
Say M. Francklin shall it not be so?
Fran. At your good pleasure sir,
Ile beare you company. Exeunt.

Heere enters Michaell at one doore.

Here enters Greene, Wil, & Shakebag at another doore.

Wil. Drawe Shakebag for hers that villaine Michaell.
Gre. First Will lets heare what he can say,
Wil. Speak milksope slaue, and neuer after speake.
Mic. For Gods sake sirs let me excuse my selfe.
For heare I sweare by heauen and earth and all,
I did performe the outmost of my taske,
And left the dores vnbolted and vnlockt,
But see the chaunce, Francklin and my Maister,
Were very late conferring in the porch,
And Francklin left his napkin where he sate,
With certaine gold knit in it, as he said
Being in bed, he did bethinke himselfe,
And comming downe, he found the dores vnshut,
He lockt the gates, and brought away the keyes,
For which offence my Maister rated me,
But now I am going to see what flood it is,
For with the tyde my Maister will away.
Where you may frons him wel on Raynum downe.

A place wel fitting such a stratageme.

Will. Your excuse hath somewhat molified my choller,
Why now Greene tis better now nor ere it was,

Gree. But Michael is this true?

Mic. As true as I report it to be true.

Shak. Then Michael this shal be your penuance,
To feast vs all at the Salutation,
Where we wil plat our purpose throughly.

Gree. And Michael, you shal beare no newes of this tide,
Because they two may be in Raynum downe before your M.

Mic. Why Ile agree to any thing youw'l haue me.
So you wil except of my company. Exeunt.

Heere enters Mosbie.

Mos. Disturbed thoughts driues me from company,
And dries my marrow with their watchfulnes,
Continuall trouble of my moody braine,
Feebles my body by excesse of drinke,
And nips me, as the bitter Northeast wind,
Doeth check the tender blosoms in the spring.
Wel fares the man how ere his cates doe tast
That tables not with foule suspition:
And he but pines amongst his delicates,
Whose troubled mind is stuft with discontent.
My golden time was when I had no gold,
Though then I wanted, yet I slept secure,
My daily toile, begat me nights repose:
My nights repose made daylight fresh to me.
But since I climbd the top bough of the tree,
And sought to build my nest among the clouds.
Each gentle stary gaile doth shake my bed:
And makes me dread my downfall to the earth,
But whether doeth contemplation carry me.
The way I seeke to finde where pleasure dwels,
Is hedged behind me that I cannot back,
But needs must on, although to dangers gate:
Then Arden perish thou by that decree.
For Greene doth eyze the land and weede thee vp,

To make my harueſt nothing but pure corne.
And for his paines Ile heaue him vp a while,
And after ſmother him to haue his ware.
Such bees as Greene, muſt neuer liue to ſting.
Then is there Michaell and the Painter too,
Theefe accors to Ardens ouerthrow:
Who when they ſee me ſit in Ardens ſeate,
They will inſult vpon me for my meede,
Or fright me by detecting of his end.
Ile none of that, for I can caſt a bone,
To make theſe curres pluck out each others throat,
And then am I ſole ruler of mine owne:
Yet Miſtres Arden liues, but ſhee's my ſelfe,
And holy Churchrites makes vs two but one,
But what for that, I may not truſt you Alce,
You haue ſupplanted Arden for my ſake,
And will extirpen me to plant another:
Mis fearefull ſleeping in a ſerpents bed.
And I will cleanly rid my hands of her.

Heere enters Alce.

But here ſhe comes, and I muſt flatter her.
How now Alce? What ſad, and paſſionate?
Make me partaker of thy penſiuenes:
Fire deuided burnes with leſſer force.

Alce. But I will damne that fire in my breaſt.
Till by the force thereof my part conſume, ah Moſbie.

Mosb. Such deepe pathaires like to a cannons burſt,
Diſchargde againſt a ruinated wall,
Breakes my relenting hart in thouſand peeces,
Ungentle Alce, thy ſorrow is my ſore,
Thou knowſt it well, and tis thy policie
To forge diſtreſſefull lookes, to wound a breaſt,
Where lyes a hart, that dies when thou art ſad,
It is not loue, that loues to anger loue.

Alce. It is not loue, that loues to murther loue.

Moſ. How meane you that?

Alce. Thou knowſt how deerely Arden loued me.

Moſ.

Mos. And then.

Alce. And then conceale the rest, for tis too bad,
Least that my words be carried with the winde,
And publisht in the world to both our shames,
I pray thee Mosbie let our spring time wither,
Our harvest els will yeeld but lothsome weedes.
Forget I pray thee what hath past betwixt vs,
For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts,

Mos. What are you changde?

Alce. I to my former happy life againe.
From title of an odious strumpets name,
To honest Ardens wife, not Ardens honest wife,
Ha Mosbie tis thou hast rifled me of that,
And made me slaunderous to all my kin:
Euen in my forehead is thy name ingraven,
A meane artificer, that low borne name,
I was bewitched, woe worth the haples howre,
And all the causes that inchaunted me.

Mos. Nay if thou ban, let me breath curses forth,
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credite I haue lost.
I haue neglected matters of import,
That would haue stated me aboue thy state:
Forslowde aduantages, and spurn'd at time.
Fortunes right hand Mosbie hath forsooke,
To take a wanton giglote by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maide,
Whose dowry would haue weyed downe all thy wealth,
Whose beauty and demeanor farre exceeded thee,
This certaine good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapt my credite in thy company.
I was bewitcht, that is no theame of thine,
And thou vnhallowed hast enchaunted mee:
But I will breake thy spels, and exorsismes,
And put another sight vpon these eyes,
That shewed my hart a Rauen for a Doue.
Thou art not faire, I viewd thee not till now,

Thou

Thou art not kind, til now I knew thée not.
And now the raine hath beaten off thy gilt,
Thy worthlesse copper showes thée counterfet.
It græues me not to sée how foule thou art,
But mads me that euer I thought thée faire,
Get get thée gone, a copsemate for thy Hindes,
I am too good to be thy fauorite.

Alce. I now I sée, and too soone finde it true,
Which often hath bæne told by my friends:
That Mosbie loues me not but for my wealth,
Which too incredulous I nere beléeued.
Nay heare me speake Mosbie a word or two,
Ile bite my tongue, if it speake bitterly:
Looke on me Mosbie, or Ile kill my selfe,
Nothing shal hide me from thy stormy looke:
If thou cry warre, there is no peace for me,
I wil doe pennance for offending thee,
And burne this prayer booke, where I heere vse,
The holy word that had conuerted me,
See Mosbie, I wil teare away the leaues.
And all the leaues, and in this golden couer,
Shal thy swæt phrases, and thy letters dwel,
And thereon wil I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other sect, but such deuotion,
Wilt thou not looke? is all thy loue ouerwhelmd?
Wilt thou not heare? what malice stops thine eares?
Why speakes thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast bæne sighted, as the Eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the feareful Hare:
And spoke as smoothly as an Orator.
When I haue bid thée heare, or sée, or speake.
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Waigh all thy good turnes, with this little fault,
And I deserue not Mosbies muddy looks.
A fence of trouble is not thickned still,
Be cleare againe, Ile nere more trouble thée.

Mos. O no, I am a base Artificer,

My wings are feathred for a lowly flight,
Mosbie, fie no, not for a thousand pound,
Make loue to you, why tis vnpardonable,
We beggers must not breathe where gentiles are.
Alce. Sweete Mosbie is as gentle as a King,
And I too blinde to iudge him otherwise,
Flowres doo sometimes spring in fallow lands,
Weedes in gardens, Roses grow on thornes.
So what so ere my Mosbies father was,
Himselfe valued gentle by his worth.
Mos. Ah how you women can insinuate,
And cleere a trespasse with your sweet set tongue,
I will forget this quarrell gentle Alce,
Prouided He be tempted so no more.

Heere enters Bradshaw.

Alce. Then with thy lips seale vp this new made match,
Mos. Soft Alce for heere comes some body.
Alce. How now Bradshow, whats the newes with you?
Brad. I haue little newes, but heers a letter
That M. Greene importuned me to giue you.
Alce. Goe in Bradshaw call for a cup of Beere,
Tis almost supper time, thou shalt stay with vs. Exit.

Then she reades the Letter.

We haue mist of our purpose at London, but shall performe it by the way, VVe thanke our neighbour Bradshaw.

Yours Richard Greene.

How likes my loue the tenor of this letter?
Mos. Well, were his date compleate and expired.
Alce. Ah would it were,
Then comes my happy howre,
Till then my blisse is mixt with bitter gall.
Come let vs in to shunne suspition.
Alce. I to the gates of death to follow thee. Exeunt.

Heere enters Greene, Wil, and Shakbag.

Shak. Come Will, see thy toles be in a readines,
Is not thy pouder danke,
Or will thy flint strike fire?

Will. Then aske me if my nose be on my face,
Or whether my tongue be frozen in my mouth.
Zounds heres a coyle, you were best sweare me on the
intergatories how many Pistols I haue tooke in hand,
Or whether I loue the smell of Gunpowder,
Or dare abide the noyse the dagge will make,
Or will not wincke at flashing of the fire.
I pray this Shakebag let this answere thee.
That I haue tooke more purses in this downe
Then ere thou handledst pistols in thy life.

Sha. I happily thou hast pickt more in a throng.
But should I brag what booties I haue tooke,
I thinke the ouerplus thats more then thine,
Would mount to a greater summe of money,
Then either thou, or all thy kinne are worth.
Zounds I hate them as I hate a Toade,
That carry a muscado in their tongue,
And scarce a hurting weapon in their hand.

Wil. O Greene, intollerable,
It is not for mine honour to beare this.
Why Shakebag, I did serue the King a Bulloyne,
And thou canst brag of nothing thou hast done,

Shak. Why so can Iacke of Feuersham,
That sounded for a phillope on the nose:
When he that gaue it him hollowed in his eare.
And he supposed a Cannon bullet hit him.

Then they fight.

Greene. I pray you sirs list to Esops talke,
Whilst two stout dogs were striuing for a bone,
There comes a cur, and stole it from them both,
So while you stand striuing on these termes of manhood,
Arden escapes vs and deceiues vs all.

Shak. Why he begun.

Will. And thou shalt finde Ile end.
I ow but slip it vntill better time,
But if I doe forget. Then he kneeles downe and
holds vp his hands to heauen.

Greene

Gre. Well take your fittest standings, and once more
Lime your twigs to catch this weary bird,
Ile leaue you, and at your dags discharge
Make towards like the longing water dog,
That coucheth till the fowling peece be of:
Then ceazeth on the pray with eager mode,
Ah might I see him stretching forth his limmes,
As I haue seene them beate their wings ere now.

Shak. Why that thou shalt see if he come this way,

Gre. Yes that he doth Shakebag I warrant thee:
But braule not when I am gone in any case,
But sirs be sure to speede him when he comes,
And in that hope Ile leaue you for an houre. Exit Gre.

Here enters Ard. Fran. and Mic.

Mic. Were best that I went backe to Rochester,
The horse halts downe right, it were not good
Ye trauailed in such paine to Feuersham,
Remouing of a shoe may happily helpe it.

Ard. Well get you backe to Rochester, but sirra see ye
ouertake vs ere we come to Raynum downe,
For it will be very late ere we get home.

Mic. I God he knowes, and so doth Will Shakebag
That thou shalt neuer goe further then that downe,
And therefore haue I prickt the horse on purpose,
Because I would not view the massacre. Exit Michaell.

Arden. Come M. Francklin onwards with your tale,

Fran. I assure you sir you take me much,
A heauy blood is gathered at my hart,
And on the suddaine is my winde so short
As hindereth the passage of my speech,
So fierce a qualme yet neere assailed me:

Ard. Come M. Francklin let vs goe on softly,
The anoyance of the dust, or else some meate
you eate at dinner, cannot brooke with you:
I haue beene often so, and soone amended.

Fran. Doe you remember where my tale did leaue?

Ard. I, where the gentleman did check his wife.

Fran. She beeing reprehended for the fact,
Witnes produced that tooke her with the deede,
Her gloue brought in, which there she left behind,
And many other assured arguments,
Her husband askt her whether it were not so.
Ard. Her answer then, I wonder how shee lookt,
Hauing forsworne it with such vehement oathes,
And at the instant so approued vpon her,
Fran. First did shee cast her eyes downe to the earth,
Watching the drops that fell a maine from thence,
Then softly drawes she forth her hand-kercher,
And modestly she wipes her teare staind face:
Then hemd she out to cleare her voice should seeme,
And with a maiestie addrest herselfe,
To encounter all their accusations.
Pardon me M. Arden I can no more:
This sighting at my hart, makes short my winde.
Ard. Come we are almost now at Raynum downe,
Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way,
I would you were in state to tell it out.
Sha. Stand close Will, I heare them comming.

Heere enters Lord Cheiny with his men.

Wil. Stand to it Shakebag, and be resolute,
Lord Che. Is it so neere night as it seemes,
Or will this black faced euening haue a showre?
What M. Arden you are well met,
I haue longd this fortnights day to speake with you,
You are a stranger man in the Ile of Sheppy,
Ard. Your honors alwaies bound to doe you seruice,
L. Che. Come you from London & here a man with you?
Ard. My man's comming after,
But her's my honest freend that came along with me.
L. Che. My Lord Protectors man I take you to be,
Fran. I my good Lord, and highly bound to you,
L. Che. You and your freind, come home & sup with me.
Ard. I beseech your honor pardon me,
I haue made a promise to a gentleman,

My

My honest friend to mete him at my house,
The occasion is great, or else would I waite on you.
Lord C. Wil you come to morrowe and dine with me,
And bring your honest friend along with you:
I haue diuers matters to talke with you about.
Arden To morrow wele waite vpon your honour.
Lord C. One of you stay my horse at the top of the hill,
What black Will, for whose purse waite you?
Thou wilt be hanged in Kent, when all is done.
Will. Not hanged, God saue your honour.
I am your bedesman, bound to pray for you.
Lord C. I think thou nere saydst prayer in all thy life,
One of you giue him a crowne,
And sirra leaue this kind of life.
If thou best tainted for a penny matter,
And come in question surely thou wilt trusse.
Come M. Arden let vs be going,
Your way and mine lies foure mile together. Exeunt.

Manet black Will and Shakebag.

Will. The deuil breake all your necks, at 4. miles end,
Zounds I could kil my selfe for very anger.
His Lordship chops me in, euen when
My dagge was leueld at his hart.
I would his crowne were molten downe his throat.
Shak. Arden thou hast wondrous holy lucke,
Did euer man escape as thou hast done.
Wel Ile discharge my Pistoll at the skie,
For by this bullet Arden might not die.

Heere enters Greene.

Gree. What is he downe, is he dispatcht?
Shak. I in health towards Feuersham, to shame vs all.
Gree. The deuil he is, why sirs how escapt he?
Shak. When we were ready to shote,
Comes my Lord Cheiny to preuent his death.
Gree. The Lord of heauen hath preserued him.
Will. Preserued, a fig, the L. Cheiny hath preserued him,
And bids him to a feast, to his house at Shorlow:

But by the way, once more Ile meete with him,
And if all the Cheinies in the world say no,
Ile haue a bullet in his breast to morrow,
Therefore come Greene and let vs to Feuersham.
Gree. I and excuse our selues to mistres Arden:
O how shele chafe when she heares of this.
Shak. Why ile warrant you shele think we dare not do it.
Will. Why then let vs goe, and tel her all the matter.
And plat the newes to cut him off to morrow. Exeunt.

Heere enters Arden and his wife, Francklin and Michael.

Ard. See how the houres, the gardeat of heauens gate,
Haue by their toile remoued the darksome clouds,
That Sol may wel deserue the trampled pace,
Wherein he wont to guide his golden Car,
The season fits, come Francklie, let s.away.
Alce. I thought you did pretend some special hunt,
That made you thus cut short the time of rest.
Ard. It was no chase that made me rise so early,
But as I told thee yesternight to goe to the Ile of Sheppy:
There to dine with my Lord Cheiny.
For so his honour late commaunded me.
Alce. I such kind husbands sildome want excuses,
Home is a wild Cat, to a wandring wit,
The time hath beene, would God it were not past,
That honours title nor a Lords commaund,
Could once haue drawne you from these armes of mine,
But my deserts, or your deserues decay,
Or both, yet if true loue may seeme desert,
I merite stil to haue thy company.
Fran. Why I pray you sir, let her goe along with vs,
I am sure his honour wil welcome her,
And vs the more, for bringing her along.
Ard. Content, sirra saddle your mistres Nag.
Alce. No, begd fauour merits little thanks,
If I should goe, our house would runne away,
Or else be stolne, therefore Ile stay behind.

Arden.

Ard. Nay see how mistaking you are,
I pray thee goe.
Alce. No, no, not now.
Alce. Then let me leaue thee satisfied in this,
That time nor place, nor persons alter me,
But that I hold thee dearer then my life.
Alce. That wil be seene by your quick returne.
Ard. And that shal be ere night and if I liue.
Farewel sweet Alce, we mind to sup with thee. Exit Alce.
Fran. Come Michael are our horses ready?
Mich. I your horse are ready, but I am not ready,
For I haue lost my purse,
With fiue and thirty shillings in it,
With taking vp of my M. Nagge.
Fran. Why I pray you let vs goe before,
Whilest he stayes behind to seeke his purse.
Ard. Goe too sirra, see you follow vs to the Ile of Sheppy,
To my Lord Cheynies where we meane to dine.

Exeunt Arden and Francklin.

Manet Michaell.

Mich. So faire weather after you,
For before you, lies black Will and Shakebag,
In the broome close, too close for you,
Theyle be your Ferrymen to long home.

Heere enters the Painter.

But who is this the Painter, my Corriual,
That would neds winne M. Susan.
Clark. How now Michael, how doth my Mistres,
And all at home?
Mich. Who Susan Mosbie? she is your Mistres too.
Clark. I, how doth she, and all the rest?
Mich. All's wel, but Susan she is sicke.
Clark. Sick, of what disease?
Mich. Of a great feare.
Clark. A feare, of what?
Mich. A great feauer.
Clark. A feauer, God forbid.

Mich.

Mic. Yes faith, and of a lozdaine too,
As bigge as your selfe.
Clar. O Michaell the spleene pricks you.
Goe too, you carry an eye ouer mistres Susan.
Mic. I faith, to keepe her from the Painter.
Clar. Why more from a Painter, then from a seruing creature like your selfe.
Mic. Because you Painters make but a painting table of a pretty wench, and spoile her beautie with blotting.
Cla. What meane you by that?
Mic. Why that you Painters paint Lambes in the lining of wenches peticotes,
And wee seruing men put hornes to them, to make them become sheepe.
Cla. Such another word will cost you a cuffe or a knocke.
Mic. What with a dagger made of a pensill?
Faith tis too weake,
And therefore thou too weake to winne Susan.
Cla. Would Susans loue lay vpon this stroke.
Then he breakes Michaels head.
Heere enters Mosbie, Greene, and Alce.
Alce. Ile lay my life this is for Susans loue,
Stayd you behind your Maister to this end?
Haue you no other time to brabble in
But now when serious matters are in hand?
Say Clarke, hast thou done the thing thou promised?
Cla. I here it is, the very touch is death.
Alce. Then this I hope, if all the rest doe faile,
Will catch M. Arden,
And make him wise in death, that liued a foole.
Why should he thrust his sickle in our corne,
Or what hath he to doe with thee my loue?
Or gouerne me that am to rule my selfe,
Forsooth for credite sake I must leaue thee.
Nay he must leaue to liue, that we may loue,
Nay liue, may loue, for what is life but loue?
And loue shall last as long as life remaines,

And life shall end, before my loue depart.

Mos. Why what's loue, without true constancie?
Like to a piller built of many stones,
Yet neither with good morter well compact,
Nor semell, to fasten it in the ioynts.
But that it shakes with euery blast of wind,
And being toucht, straight falls vnto the earth,
And buries all his haughty pride in dust.
No let our loue be rockes of Addamant,
Which time nor place, nor tempest can a sunder.

Gre. Most bie leaue protestations now
And let vs bethinke vs what we haue to doe:
Blacke Will and Shakebag I haue placed,
In the Broome close watching Ardens comming,
Lets to them, and see what they haue done. Exeunt.

Here enters Ard. and Fran.

Ard. Oh ferry man, where art thou?

Heere enters the Ferry-man.

Fer. Here, here, goe before to the boate,
And I will follow you.

Ard. We haue great hast, I pray thee come away.

Fer. Fie, what a mist is heere.

Ard. This mist my friend is mistical,
Like to a good companions smoaky braine,
That was halfe drownd with new ale ouer night.

Fer. Twere pittie but his scull were opened,
To make more Chimny roome.

Ard. Freend, what thy opinion of this mist,

Fer. I thinke tis like a curst wife in a little house,
That neuer leaues her husband till she driue him
out at doores, with a wet paire of eyes,
Then lookes he as if his house were a fire,
Or some of his friends dead.

Ard. Speakes thou this of thine owne experience,

Fer. Perhaps I, perhaps no: for my wife is as other
women are, that is to say, gouerned by the Moone.

Fran. By the Moone, how I pray thee?

Fer. Na thereby lies a bargaine.
And you shall not haue it fresh and fasting.
Ard. Yes I pray thee good Ferryman.
Fer. Then for this once let it be Midsommer Moone,
But yet my wife as another moone.
Fran. Another Moone.
Fer. I, and it hath influences and eclipses.
Ard. Why then by this reconing, you sometimes
play the man in the Moone.
Fer. I but you had not best to meddle with that moone
Least I scratch you by the face with my bramble bush,
Ard. I am almost stifled with this fog, come lets away
Fran. And sirra as we goe, lets haue some more of your
bold yeomandry.
Fer. Nay by my troth sir, but flat knauery. Exeunt.

Here enters Will at one doore, and
Shakebag at another.

Sha. Oh Will where art thou?
Will. Here shakebag, almost in hels mouth,
Where I cannot see my way for smoake.
Sha. I pray thee speake still that we may meete
by the sound, for I shall fall into some ditch or
other, vnlesse my feete see better then my eyes.
Will. Didst thou euer see better weather to runne
away with another mans wife, or play with
a wench at pottinger.
Shak. Nothis were a fine world for Chandlers
if this weather would last, for then a man
should never dine nor sup without candle light,
But sirra Will, what horses are those that past?
Will. Why didst thou heare any?
Sha. I that I did.
Wil. My life for thine, twas Arden and his companion,
and then all our labour's lost.
Sha. Nay say not so, for if it be they, they may happily
loose their way as we haue done,
and then we may chaunce meete with them.

Will

VVill. Come lets goe on like a couple of blind pilgrims.

Then Shakebag falls into a ditch.

Sha. Helpe Will helpe, I am almost drownd.

Here enters the Ferry-man.

Fer. Whose that, that calls for help?

VVil. Twas none here, twas thou thy selfe.

Fer. I came to helpe him that cald for helpe.
Why how now? who is this thats in the ditch?
You are well enough serued, to goe without a guide
such weather as this. (morning

Will. Sirra, what companions hath past your ferrie this

Fer. None but a couple of gentlemen, that went to dine at my Lord Cheineyes.

Wil. Shakebag, did not I tell thee asmuch?

Fer. Why sir, will you haue any letters carried to them?

VVil. No sir, get you gone.

Fer. Did you euer see such a mist as this?

VVil. No, nor such a foole as will rather be bought then get his way.

Fer. Why sir, this is no hough munday, you are deceiued,
Whats his name I pray you sir?

Sha. His name is Blacke will.

Fer. I hope to see him one day hangd vpon a hill.

Exit Ferryman.

Sha. See how the Sunne hath cleerd the foggy mist
Now we haue mist the marke of our intent.

Here enters Gre. Mos. and Alce.

Mos. Black Will and Shakbag, what make you here?
What is the deede done? is Arden dead.

Will. What could a blinded man performe in armes?
Saw you not how till now the Sky was darke.
That neither horse nor man could be discerned,
Yet did we heare their horses as they past.

Gre. Haue they escapt you then, and past the Ferry?

Sha. I for a while, but heere we two will stay,
And at their comming back, meete with them once more,
Zounds I was nere so toyld in all my life,

In following so slight a taske as this.
Mos. How camst thou so beraide?
Will. With making false soting in the dark,
Ye neds would follow them without a guide.
Alce. Here's to pay for a fire and good chere,
Get you to Feuersham to the flower deluce,
And rest your selues vntil some other time.
Gree. Let me alone, it most concernes my state.
Will. I mistres Arden, this wil serue the turne,
In case we fall into a second fog.
Exeunt Greene, Vvill and Shakebag.
Mos. These knaues wil neuer doe it, let vs giue it ouer.
Alce. First tel me how you like my new deuice?
Soone when my husband is returning back,
You and I both marching arme in arme,
Like louing friends, wele mete him on the way.
And boldly beard and braue him to his teth:
When words grow hote, and blowes begin to rise,
Ile call those cutters forth your tenement,
Who in a manner to take vp the fray,
Shal wound my husband horsebie to the death.
Mos. Ah fine deuise, why this deserues a kisse. Exeunt.
Heere enters Dick Reede and a Sailer.
Sailer. Faith Dick Reede it is to little end,
His conscience is to liberall, and he to nigardly.
To part from any thing may do thee good.
Reede. Ye is comming from Shorlow as I vnderstand,
Here ile intercept him, for at his house
Ye neuer wil vouchsafe to speake with me:
If prayers and faire intreaties wil not serue,
Or make no battry in his flinty breast.
Heere enters Fra. Ard. & Michael.
Ile curse the carle, and see what that wil do.
See where he comes, to further my intent,
M. Arden I am now bound to the Sea,
My comming to you was about the plat of ground,
Which wrongfully you detaine from me.

Al-

Although the rent of it be very small,
Yet wil it helpe my wife and children:
Which heere I leaue in Feuersham God knowes,
Needy and bare, for Christes sake let them haue it.
Arden Francklin hearest thou this fellow speake?
That which he craues I dearely bought of him,
Although the rent of it was euer mine.
Sirra you, that aske these questions,
If with thy clamorous impeaching tongue
Thou raile on me, as I haue heard thou dost,
Ile lay thee vp so close a twelue months day,
As thou shalt neither see the Sunne nor Moone,
Looke to it, for as surely as I liue,
Ile banish pitty if thou vse me thus.
Reede. What wilt thou doe me wrong, and threat me too?
Nay then Ile tempt thee, Arden do thy worst,
God I beseech thee show some miracle,
On thee or thine, in plaguing thee for this.
That plot of ground, which thou detaines from me,
I speake it in an agony of spirit,
Be ruinous and fatal vnto thee:
Either there be butcherd by thy dearest friends,
Or else be brought for men to wonder at.
Or thou or thine miscary in that place.
Or there runne mad, and end thy cursed dayes.
Fran. Fie bitter knaue bridle thine enuious tongue,
For curses are like arrowes shot vpright,
Which falling downe light on the sutors head.
Reede. Light where they wil, were I vpon the Sea,
As oft I haue in many a bitter storme,
And saw a dreadful sutherne flaw at hand,
The Pylate quaking at the doubtful storme,
And all the Saylers praying on their knees,
Euen in that fearefull time would I fall downe,
And aske of God, what ere betide of me,
Vengeance on Arden, or some misevent,
To shew the world, what wrong the carle hath done.

This charge Ile leaue with my distressful wife.
My children shal be taught such prayers as these,
And thus I goe but leaue my curse with thee.

Exeunt Reede and Sayler.

Ard It is the raylingest knaue in Christendome,
And oftentimes the villaine wil be mad,
It greatly matters not what he sayes,
But I assure you, I nere did him wrong.

Fran. I thinke so M. Arden.

Ard. Now that our horses are gone home before,
My wife may happily meete me on the way,
For God knowes she is growne passing kind of late,
And greatly changed from the old humour
Of her wonted frowardnes.
And seekes by faire meanes to redeeme old faults.

Fran. Happy the change, that alters for the best,
But see in any case you make no speach,
Of the cheere we had at my Lord Cheynies,
Although most bounteous and liberall,
For that wil make her think her selfe more wronged,
In that we did not carry her a long,
For sure she greeued that she was left behind.

Ard. Come Franklin, let vs straine to mend our pace,
And take her vnawares playing the Cooke.

Heere enters Alce and Mosbie.

For I beleeue shee'le striue to mend our cheere.

Fran. Why there's no better creature in the world
Then women are, when they are in good humors.

Ard. Who is that? Mosbie, what so familiar?
Iniurious strumpet, and thou ribald knaue,
Vntwine those armes.

Alce. I with a sugred kisse, let them vntwine.

Ard. Ah Mosbie, periurd beast, beare this and all.

Mos. And yet no horned beast, the hornes are thine.

Fran. O monstrous, nay then tis time to draw.

Alce. Helpe, helpe, they murther my husband.

Heere enters Will and Shakebag.

Shak. Zounds who iniures M. Mosbie.
Helpe Will I am hurt.
Mos. I may thank you Mistres Arden for this wound.
Exeunt Mosbie, Will, & Shakbag.
Alce. Ah Arden what folly blinded thee?
Ah iealious hare brained man what hast thou done,
When we to welcome thy intended sport.
Came louingly to meete thee on thy way.
Thou drewst thy sword inraged with iealousie,
And hurt thy friend,
Whose thoughts were free from harme.
All for a worthlesse kisse, and ioyning armes.
Both done but merrily, to try thy patience.
And me vnhappy that deuised the iest,
Which though begun in sport, yet ends in blood.
Fran. Mary God defend me from such a ieast.
Alce. Couldst thou not see vs friendly smile on thee?
When we ioynd armes, and when I kist his cheeke.
Hast thou not lately found me ouer kind?
Didst thou not heare me cry they murther thee.
Cald I not helpe to set my husband free:
No, eares and all were witcht, ah me accurst,
To linke in liking with a frantick man,
Hence-forth Ile be thy slaue, no more thy wife:
For with that name I neuer shal content thee.
If I be merry thou straight waies thinks me light.
If sad thou sayest the sullens trouble me.
If wel attired thou thinks I wil be gadding,
If homely, I seeme sluttish in thine eye.
Thus am I stil, and shal be while I dye,
Poore wench abused by thy misgouernment.
Ard. But is it for truth, that neither thou nor he,
Entendest malice in your misdemeanour.
Alce. The heauens can witnes of our harmles thoughts.
Ard. Then pardon me sweet Alce,
And forgiue this fault:
Forget but this, and neuer see the like.

Impose

Impose me pennance, and I wil performe it:
For in thy discontent I finde a death,
A death tormenting more then death it selfe.
Alce. Nay hadst thou loued me as thou doest pretend,
Thou wouldst haue markt the speaches of thy friend,
Who going wounded from the place, he said
His skinne was pearc'd onely through my deuise,
And if sad sorrow taint thee for this fault,
Thou wouldst haue followed him, and seene him dressed,
And cryde him mercy whom thou hast misdone,
Nere shal my hart be eased til this be done.
Arden. Content thee sweet Alce thou shalt haue thy wil
What ere it be, For that I iniurd thee,
And wrongd my friend, shame scourgeth my offence,
Come thou thy selfe and goe along with me,
And be a mediator twixt vs two.
Fran. Why M. Arden, know you what you doe,
Will you follow him that hath dishonourd you.
Alce. Why canst thou preue I haue beene disloyall.
Fran. Why Mosbie taunt your husband with the horne.
Alce. I after he had reuiled him,
By the iniurious name of periurd Iesse,
He knew no wrong could spite an iealious man,
More then the hateful naming of the horne.
Fran. Suppose tis true, yet is it dangerous,
To follow him whom he hath lately hurt.
Alce. A fault confessed is more then halfe a mends,
But men of such ill spirit as your selfe,
Worke crosses and debates twixt man and wife.
Ard. I pray thee gentle Francklin hold thy peace,
I know my wife counsels me for the best.
Ile seeke out Mosbie, where his wound is dressed,
And salue his hapleſſe quarrel if I may.
Exeunt Arden and Alce.
Fran. Ye whom the deuil driues must goe perforce,
Poore Gentleman how soone he is bewitcht,
And yet because his wife is the instrument,

His

His friends must not be lanish in their speech. Exit. Fran.

Here enters Wil, Shak. and Greene.

VVill. Sirra Greene, when was I so
long in killing a man.

Gre. I thinke we shall neuer doe it,
let vs giue it ouer.

Shak. Nay zounds wele kill him,
though we be hangd at his doore for our labour.

Will. Thou knowst Greene that I haue liued in
London this twelue yeeres,
Where I haue made some goe vpon wodden legs
for taking the wall of me,
Diuers with siluer noses, for saying,
There goes Black-will.
I haue crackt as many blades,
as thou hast done Nuts.

Gre. O monstrous lie.

Wil. Faith in a manner I haue.
The bawdie houses haue paid me tribute,
There durst not a whore set vp, vnlesse she haue agreed
with me first for opening her shop windowes.
For a crosse word of a Tapster,
I haue pearced one barrell after another with my dagger,
And held him by the eares till all his beere hath run out.
In Temes streete a Brewers cart was like to haue runne
ouer me, I made no more adoe, but went to the Clarke,
and cut of all the natches of his tales,
and beate them about his head. (watch
I and my company haue taken the Constable from his
And carried him about the fields on a coltstaffe.
I haue broken a Sariants head with his owne mace,
and baild whom I list with my sword and buckler.
All the tenpenny alehouses would stand euery morning
with a quart pot in their hand,
Saying, will it please your worship drinke:
He that had not done so, had beene sure to haue had his
signe pulde downe, & his latice borne away the next night.

To conclude, what haue I not done? yet cannot do this,
Doubtlesse he is preserued by miracle.

Heere enters Alce and Michaell.

Gre. Hence Will, here comes mistres Arden.

Alce. Ah gentle Michaell, art thou sure their friends.

Mic. Why I saw them when they both shooke hands,
When Mosbie bled, he euen wept for sorrow,
And raild on Franklin that was cause of all.
No sooner came the Surgen in at doores,
But my M. tooke to his purse, and gaue him money.
And to conclude, sent me to bring you word,
That Mosbie, Franklin, Bradshaw, Adam lowle,
With diuers of his neighbors, and his friends,
Will come and sup with you at our house this night.

Alce. Ah gentle Michaell, runne thou back againe,
And when my husband walkes into the faire,
Bid Mosbie steale from him, and come to me.
And this night shalt thou and Susan be made sure.

Mic. Ile goe tell him.

Alce. And as thou goest, tell Iohn cooke of our guests,
And bid him lay it on, spare for no cost. Exit. Mic.

Will. Nay & there be such chere, wele bid our selues.
Mistres Arden, Dick Greene & I do mean to sup with you.

Alce. And welcome shall you be, ah gentlemen,
How mist you of your purpose yesternight?

Gre. Twas long of Shakebag, that vnluckie villaine.

Sha. Thou dost me wrong, I did as much as any.

Will. Nay then M. Alce, Ile tell you how it was,
When he should haue lockt with both his hilts,
He in a brauery flourisht ouer his head,
With that comes Franklin at him lustily,
And hurts the slaue, with that he slinkes away,
Now his way had beene to come hand and foote,
one and two round at his costard.
He like a foole beares his sword point halfe a yard out
of danger, I lie heere for my life,
If the deuill come, and he haue no more strength then fence

He

He shall neuer beate me from this ward,
Ile stand to it, a buckler in a skilfull hand,
Is as good as a Castle.
Nay tis better then a sconce, for I haue tryde it.
Mosbie perceiuing this, began to faint,
With that comes Arden with his arming sword
And thrust him through the shoulder in a trice.
Alce. I but I wonder why you both stoode still,
Will. Faith I was so amazed I could not strike.
Alce Ah sirs, had he yesternight beene slaine,
For euery drop of his detested blood,
I would haue cand in angels in thy sist.
And kist thee too, and hugd thee in mine armes.
Will. Patient your selfe, we cannot helpe it now,
Greene and we two, will dogge him through the faire,
And stab him in the croude, and steale away.

Here enters Mosbie.

Alce. It is vnpossible, but heere comes hee,
That will I hope inuent some surer meanes.
Sweete Mosbie hide thy arme, it kils my hart.
Mos. I mistres Arden, this is your fauour,
Alce. Ah say not so, for when I saw thee hurt,
I could haue tooke the weapon thou letst fall,
And runne at Arden, for I haue sworne,
That these mine eyes offended with his sight,
Shall neuer close till Ardens be shut vp.
This night I rose and walkt about the chamber,
And twise or thrise I thought to haue murthred him.
Mos. What in the night, then had we beene vndone.
Alce. Why, how long shall he liue?
Mos. Faith Alce no longer then this night.
Blacke Will and Shakebag, will you two
Performe the complot that I haue layd.
Will. I, or els thinke me a villaine.
Gre. And rather then you shall want,
Ile helpe my selfe.
Mos. You M. Greene shall single Francklin forth,

And hold him with a long tale of strange newes:
That he may not come home till supper time.
Ile fetch M. Arden home, and we like friends,
Will plaie a game or two at tables here,
Alce. But what of all this?
How shall he be slaine?
Mos. Why black Will and Shakebag lockt within
the counting-house,
Shall at a certaine watchword giuen, rush forth,
Will. What shall the watch-word be?
Mos. (Now I take you) that shall be the word,
But come not forth before in any case.
Wil. I warrant you, but who shall locke me in?
Alce. That will I, thou'lt keepe the key thy selfe.
Mos. Come M. Greene, goe you along with me.
See all things ready Alce against we come.
Alce. Take no care for that, send you him home.
Exeunt Mosbie and Greene.
And if he ere goe forth againe, blame me,
Come black Will that in mine eyes art faire,
Next vnto Mosbie doe I honour thee,
Instead of faire words and large promises,
My hands shall play you golden harmony,
How like you this? say, will you doe it sirs?
Wil. I and that bravely too, marke my deuice,
Place Mosbie being a stranger in a chaire,
And let your husband sit vpon a stoole,
That I may come behinde him cunningly,
And with a towell pull him to the ground,
Then stab him till his flesh be as a sive,
That doone, beare him behind the Abby,
That those that finde him murthered, may suppose
Some slaue or other kild him for his gold.
Alce. A fine deuice, you shall haue twentie pound,
And when he is dead you shall haue fortie more.
And least you might be suspected staying here,
Michaell shall saddle you two lustie geldings,

Ride

Ride whether you wil to Scotland or to Wales.
Ile see you shal not lacke, where ere you be.
Will. Such words would make one kill 1000. men.
Giue me the key, which is the counting house?
Alce. Heere would I stay, and stil encourage you,
But that I know how resolute you are.
Shak. Tush you are too faint harted, we must doe it.
Alce. But Mosbie wil be there, whose very lookes,
Will adde vnwonted courage to my thought,
And make me the first that shal aduenture on him.
Will. Tush get you gone, tis we must doe the deede,
When this doore opens next, looke for his death.
Alce. Ah, would he now were heere, that it might open,
I shal no more be closed in Ardens armes,
That like the snakes of blacke Tisiphon,
Sting me with their embracings, Mosbies armes
Shal compasse me, and were I made a starre,
I would haue none other spheres but those.
There is no Nectar, but in Mosbies lips,
Had chast Diana kist him, she like me
Would grow loue sick, and from her watry bower,
Fling downe Endimion and snatch him vp:
Then blame not me, that slay a silly man,
Not halfe so louely as Endimion.

Heere enters Michael.

Mich. Mistris my Maister is comming hard by,
Alce. Who comes with him.
Mich. No body but Mosbie.
Alce. That's wel Michael, fetch in the Tables,
And whē thou hast done, stand before the countinghouse doore.
Mich. Why so?
Alce. Black Will is lockt within, to doe the deede.
Mich. What shal he die to night?
Alce. I Michael.
Mich. But shal not Susan know it?
Alce. Yes, for shele be as secret as our selues.

Mich. That's braue, Ile goe fetch the Tables.

Alce. But Michael hearke to me a word or two,
When my husband is come in locke the streate doore:
He shal be murthred or the guests come in. Exit Michael.

Heere enters Arden and Mosbie.

Husband what meanes you to bring Mosby home?
Although I wisht you to be reconciled,
Twas more for feare of you, then loue of him,
Black Will and Greene are his companions,
And they are cutters, and may cut you short,
Therefore I thought it good to make you friends.
But wherefore doe you bring him hether now,
You haue giuen me my supper with his sight.

Mos. M. Arden me thinks your wife would haue me gone.

Ard. No good M. Mosbie, women wil be prating.
Alce bid him welcome, he and I are friends.

Alce. You may inforce me to it, if you wil.
But I had rather die then bid him welcome,
His company hath purchast me ill friends,
And therefore wil I nere frequent it more.

Mos. Oh how cunningly she can dissemble.

Ard. Now he is heere you wil not serue me so.

Alce. I pray you be not angry or displeased;
Ile bid him welcome sæing yaw'l haue it so,
You are welcome M. Mosbie, wil you sit downe.

Mos. I know I am welcome to your louing husband,
But for your selfe, you speake not from your hart.

Alce. And if I doe not, sir think I haue cause.

Mos. Pardon me M. Arden, Ile away.

Ard. No good M. Mosbie.

Alce. We shal haue guests enough, though you goe hence

Mos. I pray you M. Arden let me goe.

Ard. I pray thee Mosbie let her prate her fill.

Alce. The doores are open sir, you may be gone.

Mic. Nay that's a lie, for I haue lockt the doores.

Ard. Sirra fetch me a cup of wine.
Ile make them friends.

And

And gentle M. Alce, seeing you are so stout,
You shal begin, frowne not, Ile haue it so.
Alce. I pray you meddle with that you haue to do.
Ard. Why Alce? how can I doe too much for him,
Whose life I haue endangered without cause.
Alce. Tis true, & seeing twas partly through my meanes,
I am content to drinke to him for this once.
Here M. Mosbie, and I pray you hence-forth,
Be as strange to me, as I to you,
Your company hath purchased me ill friends.
And I for you God knowes, haue vndeserued
Beene ill spoken of in euery place.
Therfore henceforth frequent my house no more.
Mos. Ile see your husband in dispight of you,
Yet Arden I protest to thee by heauen,
Thou niere shalt see me more, after this night.
Ile goe to Rome rather then be forsworne.
Ard. Tush Ile haue no such vowes made in my house.
Alce. Yes I pray you husband let him sweare,
And on that condition pledge me heere.
Mos. I as willingly as I meane to liue.
Ard. Come Alce, is our supper ready yet?
Alce. It wil by then you haue plaid a game at Tables.
Ard. Come M. Mosbie, what shal we play for?
Mos. Three games for a French crowne sir,
And please you.
Ard. Content.

Then they play at the Tables.

Will. Can he not take him yet? what a spight is that?
Alce. Not yet Will, take heede he see thee not?
Will. I feare he wil spy me, as I am comming,
Mich. To preuent that, creepe betwixt my legs.
Mos. One ace, or else I lose the game.
Ard. Mary sir there's two for failing.
Mos. Ah M. Arden (now I can take you)

Then Will puls him downe with a towell.

Ard. Mosbie, Michael, Alce, what wil you doe?

Will.

Will. Nothing but take you vp sir, nothing else.
Mos. There's for the pressing Iron you told me of.
Shak. And there's for the ten pound in my sleeue.
Alce. What, grones thou? nay then giue me the weapon,
Take this for hindring Mosbies loue and mine.
Mich. O Mistres.
Will. Ah that villaine wil betray vs all.
Mos. Tush feare him not, he wil be secret.
Mich. Why dost thou thinke I wil betray my selfe.
Shak. In Southwarke dwels a bonny northerne lasse,
The widow Chambley, Ile to her house now,
And if she wil not giue me harborough,
Ile make booty of the queane euen to her smock.
Will. Shift for your selues we two wil leaue you now.
Alce. First lay the body in the countinghouse.
Then they lay the body in the countinghouse.
Will. We haue our gold mistris Alce, adue,
Mosbie farewel, and Michael farewel to. Exeunt.
Enter Susan.
Susan. Mistres, the guests are at the doores.
Hearken they knock, what shal I let them in?
Alce. Mosbie goe thou & beare them company. Exit M.
And Susan fetch water and wash away this blood.
Susan. The blood cleaueth to the ground and wil not out.
Alce. But with my nailes Ile scrape away the blood,
The more I striue the more the blood appeares:
Susan. What's the reason M. can you tel?
Alce. Because I blush not at my husbands death.
Heere enters Mosbie.
Mos. How now, what's the matter? is all wel?
Alce. I wel, if Arden were aliue againe.
In vaine we striue, for here his blood remaines.
Mos. Why strew rushes on it, can you not,
This wench doth nothing fall vnto the worke.
Alce. Twas thou that made me murther him.
Mos. What of that?
Alce. Nay nothing Mosbie so it be not knowne.

Mos.

Mos. Keepe thou it close, and tis vnpossible,
Alce. Ah but I cannot, was he not slaine by me,
My husbands death torments me at the hart.
Mos. It shall not long torment thee gentle Alce,
I am thy husband, thinke no more of him.

Here enters Adam Fowle and Brad.

Brad. How now M. Arden: what ayle you weepe?
Mos. Because her husband is abroade so late,
A cupple of Ruffins threatned him yesternight,
And she poore soule is affraid he should be hurt.
Adam. Is nothing els: tush hele be here anone.

Here enters Greene.

Gre. Now M. Arden, lacke you any guests.
Alce. Ah M. Greene, did you see my husband lately,
Gre. I saw him walking behind the Abby euen now,

Here enters Francklin.

Alce. I doe not like this being out so late,
M. Francklin where did you leaue my husband.
Fran. Beleeue me I saw him not since morning,
Feare you not hele come anone, meane time
You may doe well to bid his guests sit downe.
Alce. I so they shall, M. Bradshaw sit you there,
I pray you be content, Ile haue my will.
M. Mosbie sit you in my husbands seate.
Michaell. Susan shall thou and I wait on them,
Or and thou saist the word let vs sit downe tw.
Su. Peace we haue other matters now in hand.
I feare me Michaell all will be bewrayed.
Mic. Tush so it be knowne that I shall marry thee in the morning, I care not though I be hangd ere night.
But to preuent the worst, Ile by some rats bane.
Su. Why Michaell, wilt thou poyson thy selfe?
Mich. No, but my Mistres, for I feare shele tell.
Su. Tush Michaell feare not her, she's wise enough.
Mos. Sirra Michell, giues a cup of beere.
Mistres Arden, heers to your husband.
Alce. My husband?

Fra. What ayles you woman to cry so suddenly.
Alce. Ah neighbors a sudden qualme came ouer my hart
My husbands beeing forth torments my mind.
I know some thing's amisse, he is not well.
Or else I should haue heard of him ere now.
Mos. She will vndoe vs, through her foolishnes.
Gre. Feare not M. Arden, he's well enough.
Alce. Tell not me, I know he is not well,
He was not wont for to stay thus late,
Good M. Francklin goe and seeke him forth,
And if you finde him, send him home to me.
And tell him what a feare he hath put me in.
Fran. I like not this, I pray God all be well.
Exeunt Fran. Mos. and Greene.
Ile seeke him out, and finde him if I can.
Alce. Michaell how shall I doe to rid the rest away?
Mic. Leaue that to my charge, let me alone,
Tis very late M. Bradshaw,
And there are many false knaues abroad,
And you haue many narrow lanes to passe.
Brad. Faith friend Michaell and thou saiest true,
Therefore I pray thee lights forth, and lends a linke.
Exeunt Brad. Adam, and Mich.
Alce. Michaell bring them to the doores, but doe not stay,
You know I doe not loue to be alone:
Goe Susan and bid thy brother come,
But wherefore should he come? Here is nought but feare.
Stay Susan stay, and helpe to counsell me.
Sus. Alas I counsell, feare frights away my wits,
Then they open the counting-house dore
and looke vpon Arden.
Alce. See Susan where thy quandam maister lies,
Sweet Arden smeard in blood and gore.
Sus. My brother, you, and I, shall rue this deede.
Alce. Come Susan, helpe to lift his body forth,
And let our salt teares be his obsequies.
Heere enters Mosbie and Greene.

Mos.

Mos. How now Alce, whether will you beare him?
Alce. Sweet Mosbie art thou come?
Then weepe that will,
I haue my wish in that I ioy thy sight.
Gre. Well it houes vs to be circumspect.
Mos. I for Franklin thinks that we haue murthred him
Alce. I but he cannot proue it for his life,
Wele spend this night in dalliance and in sport.

Here enters Michaell.

Mic. O Mistres, the Maior and all the watch,
Are comming towards our house with glaues and bills.
Alce. Make the dore fast, let them not come in.
Mos. Tell me sweet Alce how shall I escape?
Alce. Out at the backe dore, ouer the pile of wood,
And for one night lie at the floure deluce,
Mos. That is the next way to betray my selfe.
Gre. Alas Mistres Arden, the watch will take me here,
And cause suspition, where else would be none.
Alce. Why take that way that maister Mosbie doth,
But first conuey the body to the fields.

Then they beare the body into the fields.

Mos. Vntill to morrow, sweet Alce now farewell,
And see you confesse nothing in any case.
Gre. Be resolute M. Alce, betray vs not,
But cleaue to vs, as we will sticke to you.

Exeunt Mosbie and Greene.

Alce. Now let the Iudge and iuries doe their worst,
My house is cleere, and now I feare them not.
Susan. As we went it snowed all the way,
Which makes me feare our footsteps will be spied.
Alce. Peace foole, the snowe will couer them againe.
Sus: But it had done before we came back againe,
Alce. Harke, harke, they knock,
goe Michaell let them in.

Heere enters the Maior and the watch.

How now M. Maior, haue you brought my husband home.
Maior. I saw him come into your house an houre agoe.

Alce. You are deceiued, it was a Londoner.
Maior. Mistres Arden know you not one
that is called blacke Will.
Alce. I know none such, what meane these questions.
Maior. I haue the counsels warrand to apprehend him.
Alce. I am glad it is no worse.
Why M. maior thinke you I harbour any such.
Me. We are informd that heere he is.
And therfore pardon vs, for we must search.
Alce. I search and spare you not, through euery roome,
Were my husband at home, you would not offer this.
Heere enters Francklin.
M. Francklin what meane you come so sad.
Fran. Arden thy husband, and my friend is slaine.
Alce. Ah, by whom? M. Francklin can you tel?
Fran. I know not, but behind the Abby,
There he lies murthered in most pittious case.
Mai. But M. Francklin are you sure tis he.
Fran. I am too sure, would God I were deceaued.
Alce. Finde out the murtherers, let them be knowne.
Fran. I so they shal, come you along with vs.
Alce. Wherefore?
Fran. Know you this handkowel and this knife?
Susan. Ah Michael through this thy negligence,
Thou hast betraied and vndone vs all.
Mich. I was so afraid, I knew not what I did,
I thought I had throwne them both into the wel.
Alce. It is the Pigs blood we had to supper.
But wherefore stay you? finde out the murtherers.
Mai. I feare me you'l proue one of them your selfe.
Alce. I one of them, what meane such questions.
Fran. I feare me he was murthered in this house.
And carried to the fields, for from that place,
Backwards and forwards may you see,
The print of many feete within the snow,
And looke about this chamber where we are,
And you shal finde part of his guiltlesse blood,

For

For in his slipshoe did I finde some rushes.
Which argueth he was murthered in this roome.
Ma. Looke in the place where he was wont to sit.
See, see, his blood it is too manifest.
Alce. It is a cup of wine that Michael shed.
Mich. I truly.
Fran. It is his blood, which strumpet thou hast shed,
But if I liue thou and thy complices,
Which haue conspired and wrought his death,
Shall rue it.
Alce. Ah M. Francklin God and heauen can tell,
I loued him more then all the world beside.
But bring me to him let me see his body.
Fran. Bring that villaine and Mosbies sister too,
And one of you goe to the flower deluce.
And take for Mosbie, and apprehend him so. Exeunt.

Heere enters Shakebag solus.

Shak. The widow Chambly in her husbands dayes I kept
And now he's dead, she is growne so stout
She wil not know her old companions,
I came thither thinking to haue had
Harbour as I was wont,
And she was ready to thrust me out at doores,
But whether she would or no, I got me vp,
And as she followed me I spurd her downe the staires,
And broke her neck, and cut her Tapsters throat,
And now I am going to fling them in the Thames,
I haue the gold, what care I though it be knowne?
Ile crosse the water, and take sanctuary.

Exit Shakebag.

Heere enters the Maior, Mosbie, Alce, Francklin, Michael, and Susan.

Maior. See M. Arden where your husband lies,
Confesse this foule fault, and be penitent,
Alce. Arden sweet husband, what shal I say?
The more I sound his name, the more he bleedes.
This blood condemnes me, and in gushing forth

Speakes as it falls, and askes me why I did it:
Forgiue me Arden, I repent me now,
And would my death saue thine, thou shouldst not die,
Rise vp swæt Arden and enioy thy loue.
And frowne not on me when we mæte in heauen,
In heauen I loue thæ, though on earth I did not.

Maior. Say Mosbie what made thæ murther him.

Franc. Study not for an aunswer, loke not downe,
His purse and girdle found at thy beds head,
Witnes sufficiently thou didst the dæde,
It bootelesse is to swearc thou didst it not.

Mos. I hired black Will and Shakebag,
Ruffins both,
And they and I haue done this murtherous dæde,
But wherefore stay we?
Come and beare me hence.

Fran. Those Ruffins shal not escape,
I wil vp to London, and get the Counsels warrand
to apprehend them. Exeunt.

Heere enters Will.

Will. Shakebag I heare hath taken sanctuary,
But I am so pursued with hues and cries,
For petty robberies that I haue done,
That I can come vnto no Sanctuary.
Therefore must I in some Oyster-boate,
At last, be faine to goe a bord some Hoye.
And so to Flushing, there is no staying here,
At Sittinburgh the watch was like to take me,
And had not I with my buckler couerd my head,
And runne full blank at all aduentures,
I am sure I had nere gone further then that place,
For the Constable had 20. warrands to apprehende me,
Besides that, I robbed him and his man once
at Gads hill,
Farewel England, Ile to Flushing now. Exit Will.

Heere enters the Maior, Mosbie, Alce, Michael,
Susan, and Bradshaw.

Maior.

Maior. Come make haſt and bring away the priſoners.
Brad. M. Arden you are now going to God,
And I am by the law condemned to die,
About a letter I brought from M Greene,
I pray you M. Arden ſpeake the truth,
Was I euer priuy to your intent or no?
Alce. What ſhould I ſay?
You brought me ſuch a letter.
But I dare ſweare thou knewest not the contents.
Leaue now to trouble me with worldly things.
And let me meditate vpon my Sauiour Chriſt,
Whoſe blood muſt ſaue me for the blood I ſhed.
Moſ. How long ſhal I liue in this hell of griefe?
Conuey me from the preſence of that ſtrumpet.
Alce. Ah but for thee I had neuer beene ſtrumpet,
What can not oathes and proteſtations doe?
When men haue opportunity to woe.
I was too young to ſound thy villanies.
But now I finde it, and repent too late.
Suſan. Ah gentle brother, wherefore ſhould I die,
I knew not of it, till the deede was done.
Moſ. For thee I mourne more then for my ſelfe,
But let it ſuffice, I cannot ſaue thee now.
Mic. And if your brother and my Miſtris,
Had not promiſed me you in marriage,
I had neuer giuen conſent to this foule deede.
Maior. Leaue to accuſe each other now,
And liſten to the ſentence I ſhall giue,
Beare Moſbie and his ſiſter to London ſtraight,
Where they in Smithfield muſt be executed.
Beare M. Arden vnto Canterbury,
Where her ſentence is ſhe muſt be burnt.
Michaell and Bradſhaw, in Feuerſham
muſt ſuffer death.
Alce. Let my death make amends for all my ſinnes.
Moſ. Fie vpon women, this ſhall be my ſong,
But beare me hence, for I haue liued too long.

Suſan.

Susan. Seeing no hope on earth, in heauen is my hope.
Mic. Faith I care not, seeing I die with Susan.
Brad. My blood be on his head that gaue the sentence.
Maior. To speedy execution with them all. Exeunt.

Here enters Francklin.

Franc. Thus haue you seene the truth of Ardens death,
As for the Ruffins, Shakebag and blacke Will,
The one tooke Sanctuarie, and being sent for out,
Was murthred in Southwarke, as he past
To Greenewitch, where the Lord Protector lay.
Black Will was burnt in Flushing on a stage.
Greene was hanged at Ospridge in Kent,
The Painter fled, and how he died we know not.
But this aboue the rest is to be noted,
Arden lay murthred in that plot of ground,
Which he by force and violence held from Rede,
And in the grasse his bodies print was seene,
Two yeeres and more after the deede was done.
Gentlemen, we hope yeule parden this naked Tragedie,
Wherein no filed points are foisted in,
To make it gratious to the eare or eye.
For simple truth is gracious enough,
And needes no other points of glozing stuffe.

FINIS.